THE

PALL MALL GAZETTE

An Evening Newspaper and Review.

No. 7340.—Vol. XLVIII. *TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1888.* *Price One Penny.*

AM I NOT AN APE AND A BROTHER?

One of the most distinguished of the younger race of African explorers recently uttered a lament over the shameful neglect which philanthropists show of one great field which, if not exactly white unto the harvest, at least offers an enormous scope for the beneficent activity of the apostles of civilization. "My heart," he exclaimed, "is filled with remorse when I think of it. Why have we no Mission to the Anthropoid Apes? Our poor relations might be "infinitely elevated in the scale of being, if they were benevolently "assisted with the needful tuition by a well-equipped and patient "body of missionaries. Oh for a Mission to the Anthropoid "Apes! The neglect of these poor relations of ours is a "scandal and a reproach. They are very good fellows, capable of "indefinite improvement. Surely every consideration of philan-"thropy and benevolence should lead us to extend a helping "hand to these inarticulate representatives of our remote "ancestors, who are still in the middle stages of the endless "march across the vast expanse that separates the English-"man from the larvæ of the marine ascidian. Believe me, a very "great deal could be done with our anthropoid cousins if we would "only try." We are reminded of this quaint lament by the perusal of the interesting letter of Mr. Romanes's in the *Times* wherein he describes the success which has attended his efforts to teach the chimpanzee at the Zoological Gardens to count up to five. "After a few weeks' continuous instruction "the ape perfectly well understood what was required of her, "and up to the time when I left town several months ago she "rarely made a mistake in handing me the exact number of straws "that I named." Clearly a great deal may be done with the anthropoid ape.

The selection of this field of missionary enterprise may be especially commended to those votaries of science who do not relish the limited scope for experiment that is supplied by the evangelization and civilization of bipeds who have crossed the fine dividing line that is popularly supposed to divide men who have souls from the brutes who have none. Of course many of our scientific investigators have long ago emancipated themselves from such theological trammels, and in the interests of science would be prepared to vivisect, say a Manyema cannibal, just as readily as an ourang-outang, but even most advanced biologists might feel some lurking survival of ancient prejudice if, for example, they found it necessary to clear off a Manyema village with strychnine in order to make room for new comers. None of these scruples would exist in the case of the anthropoid ape. Not even the most fanatical Puritan imagines that the Ten Commandments apply to our unfortunate neglected cousin. Science, therefore, especially the great sociological science of the culture of man, and the development of the genus homo from the lower creation, could have a free field in which to make its experiments, untrammelled by any considerations of morals, or any scruples as to the sanctity of life. You could kill without hesitation, torture without remorse. Endless experiments in breeding from the finest specimens could be conducted without shocking the moral sense of the most severe precision, and all the unfit could be summarily polished off. The more the mind dwells upon the proposed mission to anthropoid apes the more fascinating becomes the prospect of conducting all the experiments which our scientists wish to make upon man, but are restrained from by the antiquated scruples which they have inherited from the dark ages before the sun of science had arisen to enlighten the world, and relegate to limbo all the archaic moralities of the ages when mankind was still in its religions. Upon this, however, we need not dwell; it is sufficient to point out the triumph that would be achieved by the evolutionary Apostle who succeeded in producing from the mission field among the anthropoids a specimen so developed as to answer the requirements of the long-lost Missing Link!

It may be said that the game is not worth the candle, that there is so much to be done among those who have arrived at the human stage that it is not worth while wasting energy and capital over the anthropoids. But is this not another form of the argument of the wicked against modern missions? The ungodly have sneered at the waste of philanthropic activity over the black fellows at Borrioboola Gha, and have been duly reproved for their pains. The missions to the black fellows increase and multiply. There is an interesting account in the papers to-day of the reception of a London curate by the swarthy King of Uganda, and the same kind of thing is going on in all parts of Africa. In the *Times* a member of the University mission raises a plaintive cry for £60,000 a year, with which to minister to the education and civilization of our black brethren. There is a kind of charm about seeking and saving those who are lost. The viler the wretch the more eager should be the response to the appeal for his rescue. Why should we draw the line at cannibals? Besides, who can say what light the scientific observation of the pupils at an ape school might throw upon the apparently inveterate tricks and vices of the fully developed human? Who knows but in the patient culture of the anthropoid we may discover the secret spring and source of the ferocity which suddenly breaks out in such a being as the Whitechapel murderer, or the beginnings of that fatal faculty of imitation which leads to the reproduction of Whitechapel mutilations on Tyneside, and enables a bellwether of fashion to commit the much greater outrage upon humanity of compressing the waists generation after generation of the female sex. The anthropoids have not yet had their fair chance. Circumstances have weighed down upon them almost as pitilessly as the clay which imprisoned Miss Edwards's toad for nearly 20,000 years, and although like it they still survive, their development is in a pitiable state of retardation. Surely now that Mr. Romanes has taught the chimpanzee to count as far as five the time has come for the practical realization of the scientist's dream by the establishment of an International Scientific Mission for Assisting the Evolution of the Anthropoid Ape.

MATERFAMILIAS ON TRAMP.

A London Lady who walked 500 Miles with her Family and Perambulator.

Mrs. Acton, of Sunnyside, St. John's-wood, and Ormidale, Arran, is the heroine of the latest remarkable pedestrian feat—a walk of 500 miles in England and Scotland, beginning at London and ending in Glasgow, and performed, not alone, but in the company of her whole family of six children, the eldest of whom is twelve years and the youngest twelve months. The latter, it need hardly be said, did not walk the whole distance, being wheeled in fact, together with his feeding bottle and appurtenances thereto belonging, in a perambulator. A representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who a day or two ago waited on Mrs. Acton, at Ormidale, found the whole family of tiny tourists and their mother in capital health after their extraordinary feat. Ormidale, overlooking Brodick Bay, is a sweetly pretty place, which any literary lady and her artist husband might sigh for as a summer home.

"With pleasure," was Mrs. Acton's cheerful response to the request for particulars of her remarkable walk. "But you must bear in mind that we had no idea when we started of doing anything very wonderful in walking. We come up from London every year to our house here in Arran; and as we went down by rail no less than nine times last year we thought we would walk this year and see the country, for of course you never can see anything of it from the windows of a railway carriage."

A Party of Ten—How they Fared.

"To begin with, of whom did your party consist?—"There were the six children, the youngest in our famous perambulator, which has been, oh, thousands of miles on the Continent and in England and Scotland; and my husband and myself, and two maids—ten in all."

"What was your outfit?"—"When we started from Sunnyside, our house in St. John's-wood, we each took a small black bag in our hands; but we soon had to give those up. Afterwards we had absolutely nothing but a nightgown and a mackintosh each. There was one brush and one comb for myself and all the children. We really couldn't carry more than the least possible quantity of luggage, you know. Tea—my husband is so fond of a good cup of tea—so we carried our tea all the way from London; and we had a kettle too, one of those flat ones to boil over a spirit lamp, and the spirit-lamp itself. And of course the baby, being a young baby and fed on the bottle, obliged us to carry a tin can of milk.

"How did you manage? And, by the way, what was your fare?"—"We had very light fare. As soon as we got into the North of England we always had porridge for breakfast. We never had much meat; on the only two occasions when we had a really good dinner we found we could not walk afterwards. We had eggs, and milk, and bread and butter to any amount. The meat we had was almost entirely tinned meat, which we bought, with bread, in the town or village in a morning, and carried with us till we came to a suitable place for dinner. We had dinner in the open air

always. Then for tea we had just to call at a cottage and get a kettle of water and the use of tea-things, which they were always glad to supply us with for a shilling."

BOOTS AND WASHING.

"Of course the trouble was boots," Mrs. Acton continued. "We were recommended all sorts of 'hygienic soles' and everything, and we tried everything, and we had to give them all up. We gave up boots altogether and took to 'sand shoes'—canvas shoes with india-rubber soles. Those allow the feet to go anyhow they like; there is no pressure; and we found them admirable. We never got blisters or sore feet or anything. We used to soap our toes and heels and the insides of our stockings before we started; that is a very good thing. Then as to washing, we could not possibly stop to have everything washed at the inns and places, so the way we managed our washing was to have one thing washed each night. We found we could always get one thing washed and quickly got up, and so we had clean things without the trouble of carrying any with us."

NO UMBRELLAS.

"We carried no umbrellas. A City man, a neighbour of ours in London, asked me before we started, 'How many umbrellas are you going to take?' and when I replied, 'Not one,' he was perfectly horrified; it made him quite ill. But though the weather was very bad in England we did very well without. In the first part of the time we walked in our mackintoshes, and hats that the rain would not hurt. Of course, it was very muddy; and, what with the mud and the rain and the sun, our dress got into such a state we were quite ashamed of ourselves; and on Saturday nights we had to stop somewhere and buy flowers or some little frilling or something to brighten up our hats to go to church in next morning. But we never had colds, in spite of having no umbrellas, and though we had a great deal of grey cold weather that people complained of, we found it splendid weather for walking."

THE PRAM AND THE BABY.

"Was it not sometimes hard going for the perambulator?"—"No one can imagine what it was. Nurse is the only wonderful one of our party, for she wheeled that perambulator the whole way, although, as it was continually raining, you may imagine the roads were frightfully heavy."

"Yet, notwithstanding the wet, you had good health?"—"Oh, we never were better! We lived like gipsies; we were in the open air in all weathers; yet we never had colds or anything, and at the end of our journey we all declared we had never felt better."

"And the baby?"—"Oh, baby got quite like a gipsy; he quite enjoyed it. First thing in the morning he used to say, 'Tite ready; tite ready to go!'"

COUNTING THE MILESTONES.

"What distance did you cover in a day on the average?"—"We walked sixteen and eighteen and one day twenty miles, but the average was twelve; we made it a rule to go twelve miles a day. Sundays we rested. We always felt very affectionately disposed towards the milestones. 'Here's another delightful milestone,' the children would say. And that was one matter in which we saw a most remarkable difference between Scotland and England. Directly we got over the border there were neither milestones nor direction-posts. We did find some near Ayr, but all broken; not the slightest use; while in England they were all so well kept you couldn't go wrong."

"What was your plan of walking?"—"We made it a rule to start by half-past seven, after breakfast. We walked a few hours and then rested during the heat of the day, and walked again in the afternoon. Having so many children with us the anxiety was to get into some place for stopping at before dark—by six, if possible, but never later than seven. Sometimes we had great difficulty in getting accommodated—at Belper, for instance. Sometimes we had the roughest lodgings, and sometimes we were at the most splendid hotels. We just took what we could find, in fact."

THE ROUTE.

"We found we had to keep to the high roads, for two reasons—first, that we must have a good road for the perambulator, and the side roads were so frightfully heavy and lumpy; and for another thing we had to go to the towns to put up—ten people arriving all at once and wanting beds is something alarming in a small place. I began by marking a straight line across the map from London to Carlisle; but we soon found the shortest route would not do. Our route proved wonderfully good. As far as directness is concerned, I think no one could take a better. Of course anybody walking from London to Glasgow would branch off at Dumfries and turn off more to the right than we did; but we wished to see the Burns country on the west coast, and that made our journey longer. Anyone else doing it, though, I would certainly advise to leave out that 'Black Country' of Lancashire, not only because the towns and villages are so dirty and black and unpleasant, but because you can get no accommodation there except of the roughest and most disagreeable kind, even in large towns like Bacup and Oldham. We were very glad when we left it at Settle. Near there, at Clapham, we saw the loveliest scenery of all, and an ideal Yorkshire farm."

THROUGH THE SHIRES.

"We passed through Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, and joined hands and danced over the Border bridge to Gretna Green. On the twenty-sixth day, when we slept at Annan, in Scotland, we had walked 326¼ miles. Then we went through Dumfries into the 'Land o' Burns,' and visited all the places connected with Burns, and so on to Ardrossan, where the boat starts for Arran. As we did not wish to go home to Brodick for a day or two, we went on to Glasgow and finished up at the Exhibition. With our wanderings around the Burns country, that made the total distance 500 miles, and we finished it in exactly two days over five weeks. We left Sunnyside on the Thursday and were in Glasgow on the Saturday five weeks afterwards."

THE WAY TO LEARN TOPOGRAPHY.

"You must have gained considerable knowledge of English and Scotch geography and topography in your journeyings."—"I think we know more now about England and Scotland than anybody; for we have not only made this excursion, but have had perambulator-tours before all through Aberdeenshire and the east coast of Scotland, and through Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and the west of England. I wanted particularly this time to see Derbyshire—Haddon Hall, and the Blue John Mine, and all the other sights; and my husband took the opportunity to see a number of sculptures that he has executed for various places between here and London."

"And what do you think of the scenery?"—"We enjoyed the neighbourhood of Settle and the Yorkshire moors above all, I think. The scenery in Derbyshire is very beautiful; but, as ill-luck would have it, we arrived at Haddon Hall, which we specially wished to see, on a bank holiday of all days, and the place was so mobbed and crowded you could hardly get through the rooms. The worst part of our journey was that 'Black Country' beginning at Hayfield, in Derbyshire, and then up through Stalybridge and Oldham, and on nearly to Settle. Of course, the Burns country in Scotland is all very beautiful and very interesting."

COURAGE AND EMERGENCIES.

"The most remarkable thing about your trip, it seems to me, is the courage you showed in setting out with so many small charges, not knowing what you might have to face. Did you not sometimes find things very awkward?"—"Oh, dear, no; we had really no serious difficulty. At one or two places—Rothwell, in Scotland, was one—we found we were absolutely obliged to give up the idea of getting accommodation in the place as quite hopeless. So we had to take train back to another town and put up there for the night. At Woburn, in Bedfordshire, too, we were not at all well received by the hotel people, and were forced to walk two miles after dusk in a pouring rain, children and all. But in that case we were glad afterwards, for we found a capital hotel at Woburn Sands. That was where we spent our first Sunday. The second Sunday was at Matlock, the next at Settle, the next at Gretna, the next at Mauchline, and the last at Glasgow."

"Had you no incivility on the way?"—"None whatever. We were told to expect all sorts of mischief from tramps on the highways, so we carried a sword-stick, and my husband had a pistol. Of course, your friends frighten you as much as they can—and it is quite right, too, to be on the safe side. But there was not an idea of either pistol or sword-stick being wanted. And as to civility, one thing very much impressed upon me by the last part of our walk was the great softening of manners that has taken place among the Scotch lower classes as compared with the roughness and abruptness I remember noticing among them twenty years ago."

At the end of the conversation Mrs. Acton assured her interlocutor that the children and herself had alike enjoyed their long walk immensely, and, so far from taking harm from it, had felt better in health and spirits while the journey lasted, and at its end, than they had ever felt before—a statement to which the personal appearance of the lady and the little ones gave full corroboration. The same evening our representative met the whole party, perambulator and all, five miles from Brodick, on the shore road to Corrie—taking a twelve-mile walk as a little evening recreation!

A CRIB FOR HOME RULERS. *

THIS book of Mr. Robert Oliver's is 233 pages long. It is the record of a single conversation on a single subject between James and Andrew. For three hours and a quarter, as one calculates, these two gentlemen debate the question of Home Rule with a self-control, a strict keeping to the point, and an undulled sense of literary form, that are beyond all praise. Weaker men would have sacrificed propriety to dramatic opportunity, but not these. James does not sneer nor Andrew swear. There are none of those gusts of wrath in which the raised voice and scornful accent arrest the passer-by with promise of a fight. The result is that James and Andrew personally impress the reader as a pair of well-conducted and well-informed members of the middle class, whose arguments and analogies will serve at second-hand in private wranglings over the question of the hour. Indeed, with Andrew's speeches at his tongue's end, a man might become a finished Gladstonian. But he might also become a finished bore. For the truth is, Andrew, though conclusive, is not convincing. One feels that James, the nether millstone of the debate, might make short work of him by quoting Hegel's dictum that all mistakes are made for good reasons.

To the mere literary reviewer, admiring from his study windows the omniscience, the readiness, the energy of his political contemporaries, it seems a strange thing that any human being should discuss Home Rule as if its accomplishment depended on the upshot of a utilitarian discussion of its probable results. Nationalism is surely an incident of organic growth, not an invention. A man discusses whether he shall introduce a roasting-jack into his kitchen, but not whether he shall introduce an eye-tooth into his son's mouth or lengthen him as he grows older. If men did discuss such things, the result would undoubtedly be a consensus of opinion to the effect that thirty teeth are quite sufficient for modern purposes, and that every inch of stature above five-feet-six inches is a waste of the world's industry in providing clothing fabrics, carrying power, uselessly high rooms, and so on. But as it is clear that this decision, however scrupulously rational, would not have the slightest effect on the

* "Unnoticed Analogies. A Talk on the Irish Question." By Robert Oliver (London: Kegan Paul and Co. 1888.)

proceedings of the power which arranges our teeth and our inches for us, we have to accept the inevitable average son of five-feet-eight, with thirty-two teeth; and provide for him accordingly. We shall have to accept the growth of nationalism in exactly the same way. In any purely abstract utilitarian discussion, where the historical method is excluded, and political and social institutions are treated as inventions of the roasting-jack order, Home Rule must stand condemned, as Mr. Chamberlain or any utilitarian-materialist-republican can show. Is not federation the most economical—the most social course? Is it not an advance in complexity of structure and order of organism—a step further towards the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World? The conviction that all these questions must be answered in the affirmative lurks now disquietingly in the consciousness of many a Home Ruler who was wont, when Ireland was not the theme, to indulge imperial dreams of a federated Greater Britain. In the meantime, Ireland and Poland are as deaf to academic discussion as Italy was in her evil days. Go to the Cork mechanic and point out to him that the condition of the Parisian ouvrier who works as a Frenchman under a French Republic is in no way superior to his own under the tyranny of the Castle. Show him that when he works as an Irishman under an Irish republic, and Irish industry develops by leaps and bounds, he will assuredly find the bread of freedom as bitter and scarce under King Capital as ever it has been under Mr. Balfour. Then advise him to vote against Mr. Parnell and Mr. Maurice Healy at the next election. He will be about as much impressed as Garibaldi would have been by a discourse on the advantages of a united Austria and Italy. What Mr. Oliver calls an "unnoticed analogy" is to be found in the slavery struggle in America. The advantages of being a chattel slave were proved over and over again by the friends of the South. The master who bought a man valued him as something in which his capital was locked up. Just as a tramway company now takes more care of its horses than of its men, so did the planter take more care of his slave than the employer of his free wage worker. Slaves were cared for in their old age instead of being abandoned to the discomfort and disgrace of a pauper ward. In short, who would not be a slave rather than a free proletarian? Who indeed, except a man in whom the instinct towards personal liberty was as a burning fire shut up in his bones, so that he was weary with forbearing and could not stay? History tells us that it is useless to cross these instincts—tells us so dogmatically, and will not argue the point for a moment, with James or Andrew or any one else. The slave, equally unreasonable, sees nothing ahead of him but his freedom. He may be a moth flying towards a candle; but he has the moth's power of making it impossible for us to attend to our own business if we undertake the task of keeping him out of the candle by any other means than killing him. Here then we have to face an inevitable order of social growth. First, the individual will have his personal liberty, in pursuit of which he will at last weary out and destroy feudal systems, mighty churches, mediæval orders, slave-holding oligarchies, and what else may stand in his way. Then he will enlarge his social consciousness from his individual self to the nation of which he is a unit; and he will have his national liberty as he had his personal liberty, nor will all the excellent reasons in the world avail finally against him. He will rarely take the two steps at a time: he will never take the second before the first, or the third before the second. The third step is the federation of nationalities; but you cannot induce him to forego the achievement of national independence on the ground that international federation is a step higher. He knows by instinct that if his foot missed that one rung of the ladder, he would not reach the higher rung, but would rather be precipitated into the abyss; and so it comes that there is no federating nationalities without first realizing them. And as the slave destroyed great hierarchies in his fight for freedom, so the conquered subject races will destroy great empires when their time comes, if the empires persist in opposing them. It may be that Providence has specially exempted the British Empire from these readjustments to social growth. The English middle class has always been more or less of that opinion. Indeed, history teaches us that the middle class always held that opinion. History also teaches us that the middle class is invariably wrong. For, to quote another Hegelian dictum, we learn from history that men never learn anything from history.

OPENING OF THE NEW COURT THEATRE.

THE new Court Theatre, of which we gave a full description in these columns on Saturday, was opened to the public last night. "I was proceeding quietly to my seat," writes our critic, "when my attention was arrested by boisterous cheers from the pit, mingled ever and anon with cries of 'Chudleigh' and 'Architect.' The uproar eventually lessened a little; but it was some time before the performers were allowed to proceed with the front piece—a pretty, if somewhat unsatisfactory, trifle called 'Hermine'—acted very nicely by Mr. Sydney Brough, Miss Florence Wood, and others. By the time the curtain rose on Mr. Grundy's 'Mamma'—which the author modestly speaks of as a translation from 'Les Surprises du Divorce'—the audience had quietly settled down. 'Mamma' will go merrily through when the nervousness incident to a first night in a new theatre has worn off. Its interpretation is safe in the hands of a cast which includes Mr. John Hare (who, to my mind, is just a little out of his element as the gay young husband), Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mrs. John Wood. The adaptor and principal actors were called before the curtain by the delighted audience; and Mrs. Wood explained that their next production will be a comedy from the pen of Mr. A. W. Pinero."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRADE WITH SIBERIA.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In reference to the article of "F. R. G. S.," let me express the fear that a railway will be as necessary for the new trade route with Siberia as for that with Manitoba and the glorious British Siberia which is unfolding beyond. The Black (Kara) Sea of the North, and the Yalmal peninsula on this side of it, form the difficulty of Captain Wiggins, and of all who have essayed the North-east passage. Where the river Obb (which is in some respects more navigable than the Yenesei) crosses the Arctic Circle there is marked on maps the lonely town of Obdorsk, in January the seat of a considerable fair. Hence across Yalmal, where the chain of the Ural has almost disappeared, is but two hundred miles to the open ocean. If a railway were made across this two hundred miles and a port at each end the difficulties and uncertainties which the *Phœnix* Adventurers are facing would be avoided and the trading system much extended. Were such a line carried on from Obdorsk up the river to the Siberian railway system, who knows but that this north-western route for Siberian wealth to the Arctic Ocean might become more important than the western one just opened thence to European Russia—that the international trade viâ the Obb Valley might exceed any possible traffic across the Ural?—Yours, &c.,

Bedford, Sept. 20. EDWIN RANSOM.

"HOKEY POKEY."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—The sprightly "Ice Cream Colony" description in your issue of to-day brings back to my recollection a small etymological discovery of my own, which I claim as possibly being the correct origin of the term "Hokey Pokey, a penny a lump," which, as you are aware, is another of those mysterious substances prepared for the market in the purlieus of Eyre-street-hill and Leather-lane. Some months ago while strolling in this neighbourhood I noticed a diminutive Italian urchin in the act of purchasing a penny lump of the above-mentioned compound. On receiving his packet, he was evidently somewhat disappointed as to quantity, for he dismally exclaimed in strong Sicilian accents, "Oh, che poco!" (Oh, what a little!) It struck me at the time that this phrase may have been used a hundred times by the ragged progeny of Italian organ-grinders, and that, when caught up by the cockney portion of the community, would become the popular name of the article and be pronounced, of course, as *okey-pokey*.—I remain, yours, &c.,

Savage Club, Savoy, Sept. 22. EUGENE BARNETT.

IN DEFENCE OF "HONEST PEELE."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In addressing to you these lines I am guided by that love of the English literature which induced me, though a foreigner, to devote many years to the constant study of the Elizabethan dramatists. A reviewer in yesterday's issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* reproaches Peele with "burgling and barefaced theft." Allow me to remove this blot from the memory of honest Peele. Firstly, there can be no question of "theft" among the Elizabethan authors, a sort of communism having prevailed in the literary circles of that age; secondly, if there be such a thing as plagiarism, William Shakspeare himself must be accused of the fault. In the Third Part of King Henry VI., Act II., scene 1, the following passage occurs:—

> See how the morning opes her golden gates,
> And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
> How well resembles it the prime of youth,
> Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love.

The truth is, that the metaphor is borrowed from the Psalm xix., v. 5.—("In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun"), *Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.* I leave it to your readers to decide who of the three poets was the first to avail himself of the Biblical metaphor. Chronology is in favour of Peele.—Your humble servant,

Dr. LEON KELLNER.

14, *Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, W.C., Sept.* 21.

THE PHONOGRAPH PREDICTED.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In view of the present interest in the phonograph, it is odd that no one has unearthed a story by Miss Jean Ingelow, first published in *Good Words* (or one of Mr. Strahan's magazines in 1872) and reprinted in "The Little Wonderhorn." It is in a child's fairy tale, entitled "Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-two," that the allusion occurs. Among other wonders, "He began to describe what was evidently some great invention in acoustics, which, he said (confusing his century with mine), 'you are going to find out very shortly. . . . You know something of the simple beginnings of photography?' I replied that I did. 'Photography,' he remarked, 'presents a visible image; cannot you imagine something analogous to it which might present an audible image? The difference is really that the whole of a photograph is always present to the eye, but the acousticgraph only in successive portions. The song was sung and the symphony played at first, and it recorded them, and gave them out in one simultaneous horrible crash; then, when we had once got them fixed, science soon managed as it were to sketch the image—and now we can elongate it as much as we please.' "This is very queer,' I exclaimed. 'Do you mean to tell me these notes and these voices are only the ghosts of sounds?' 'Not in any other sense,' he answered, 'than you might call a photograph the ghost of sight.'"—I am, &c.,

GLEESON WHITE.

Christchurch, Hants, Sept. 24.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We are not sorry that the British public has been afforded a conspicuous example of the way in which Prince Bismarck uses the press to further his own ends in the official communiqués concerning the "alleged Diary" of the Emperor Frederick. Of course no human being attaches the slightest credence to the doubts which the officious press throws upon the authenticity of the extracts. It was inevitable that an attempt would be made to discredit them. They show that the German Chancellor in one great crisis had less faith in his countrymen than the Emperor Frederick, and that the Emperor Frederick was right and the German Chancellor wrong. The inference, of course, that in wishing to apply the same principle of greater trust in the German people to the management of German home affairs the Emperor was again right, and his Chancellor wrong, is so distasteful to the latter, that it is but natural he should have given the signal for all his reptiles to hiss. But all their hissing will not silence the voice of truth.

We do not think that it is mere jealousy of the laurels of the dead that has provoked this action on the part of Prince Bismarck. It is no doubt disgusting to be exhibited before the world as being neither so courageous nor so keen-sighted as the late Emperor at the great crisis of Germany's fortunes; but that could have been endured had it not been for the deductions that will inevitably be drawn from the demonstration of this historic fact in connection with the problem of Liberal government in Germany. That is where the Diary galls the party of Reaction. They might have tolerated the elevation of the late Emperor to a loftier pedestal than even his friends believed he was entitled; but they cannot tolerate that he, being dead, should yet speak with a more mighty voice than before in favour of a policy of trusting the people.

Referring to the ascendency which Russian influence is gaining in Teheran, "L. D." in the *Times* says, "One may well ask of what use is the British Representative in Persia." Now this is very absurd in "L. D." The use of maintaining a British Envoy at Teheran at the present moment is, not to put too fine a point upon it, that it provides a convenient means of stowing away out of sight and hearing that inconvenient client of Lord Randolph's, Sir H. Drummond Wolff. There are not a few other inconvenient persons for whose sake, in their own opinion at least, it would be well worth while to maintain costly embassies, say in Timbuctoo or other foreign parts, no matter where, so long as they are out of the way—though lost to sight to memory dear, and dear also to the British taxpayer. But that, of course, is a bagatelle.

There is something very touching in the uniformity of the prayers which the *Daily News* says are offered up by the inmates of the Elmira Reformatory for something to do. "Please give me work—hard work. The day seems two days." "I am almost crazy for something to do." There is no one who knows anything about prison treatment who will not recognize the genuineness of these despairing appeals. To have some work to do seems a luxury almost too great for realization in this world, after you have been locked up twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four in a small cell with absolutely nothing to do. Even oakum and the treadmill are welcomed as unspeakable blessings. Yet we inflict this torture of imprisonment in idleness upon all our remanded untried prisoners, and think nothing of it. "Bail was refused" attracts no notice. It would be more merciful in most cases to order the unfortunate remand a sound birching. Yet what an outcry—from all but the prisoner—there would be if such a substitution were made of one form of torture for another.

Mr. Beaumont Kent, reporter, told a pretty story of police brutality at Bow-street yesterday, of which we have not yet heard the last. His statement was that he saw policeman 139 E drag a woman, named Owen, to a shop, against the shutters of which he knocked her head several times, holding her by the throat meanwhile. This was not in Whitechapel, but opposite St. Mary's Church, in the Strand. When Mr. Kent, who is a man as well as a reporter, remonstrated, he was, he says, assaulted and threatened by this police bully; and when he followed the woman—who was taken into custody as drunk and disorderly—to the station he was again assaulted, two bones in his hands being "put out." Mr. Bridge suggested *sicut est mos*, a report to the Commissioners; but, very properly, Mr. Kent insisted on a summons (which was granted) declining to be satisfied with that empty formality. Pending the hearing of the summons, we, of course, refrain from comment upon the truth of Mr. Kent's charges; in the meantime, Elizabeth Owen has been fined half-a-crown, with the alternative of a day's imprisonment, her treatment, apparently, having nothing to do with her guilt.

"Considerable agitation would necessarily arise," says the writer of the article on the London County Council in to-day's *Times*, "if a measure were proposed by which an average rate for all local purposes should be struck throughout the whole of the metropolis." Nevertheless the ultimate striking of such a uniform rate is the one hope for the general improvement of London; and though no doubt there would be considerable agitation, it would not all be on one side. As things are, it is impossible to get the slums lighted and cleaned as efficiently as the squares. The slums are hit in two ways: the local needs are greater, and the rate produces less per pound. And thus we have this state of things—that in St. George's, Hanover-square, where everything is decent and in order, the rate is only 3*s.* 10*d.*, whereas in Whitechapel, which is honeycombed with murder-haunts, the rate is 5*s.* 6*d.* To make St. George's-in-the-West share the burdens of St. George's-in-the-East is the next problem before the municipal reformer.

Fortunately, the first step towards this realization of a Commune of London has already been taken in the establishment of the Common Poor Law Fund. This fund, as every one knows, meets the expenses of indoor relief, and amounts for that purpose to an equalization of the poor-rates all over London. This piece of practical communism was conceded by a Tory Government twenty years ago. It is high time that we were given another.

The fashion in which Mr. Goldwin Smith this morning reasons from Quebec across to Belfast is a clear index to the source of much of the opposition which is being offered to Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule scheme—ignorance, pure downright ignorance, of the character of the forces at present at work in Ireland. Because Catholic Quebec has done certain things which fail to harmonize with the political and economic principles of Mr. Goldwin Smith, therefore Belfast must expect to "fight for her strongbox." Mr. Goldwin Smith is obviously entirely unaware of the fact that the demand for Home Rule meets not alone with the support of the Catholic community, but with the strong sympathy and active encouragement of a considerable section of the Protestant population of the country; and that although the valuable assistance which the patriot priests of Ireland are at present extending to the political agitation which has the Protestant Mr. Parnell at its head is accepted on all hands in a spirit of the liveliest gratitude, the lay spirit in its most resolute form will be supreme in every case of important crisis.

The concluding sneer at the sweetening of the relations between the English and Irish peoples is in accordance with the complexion of the rest of the letter. All who have had the advantage of conversation with Mr. Patrick Ford during the past few weeks must be aware that Mr. Gladstone's policy has wrought quite a revolution in the feelings of the intensest Irish-Americans towards this country.

That the International Geological Congress which has just come to an end was rather a dull affair seems to be admitted on all hands. One of the few redeeming features consisted in the exhibition of a series of imaginative pictures representing incidents of prehistoric life by poor Ernest Griset. Bric-a-brac hunters may remember to have seen some of these fantastic sketches in a humble shop-window not far from Tottenham-court-road, where, unless we are mistaken, Griset passed the last years of his life, and died in penury. They were all bought by Professor Prestwich, and, as President of the Congress, he displayed them to his brother scientists. With a power of imagination, akin to that possessed by Blake or Martin, Griset has depicted the setting sun of the glacial epoch, a pack of wolves hunting *bos primigenius* over Siberian steppes, the "dragons of the prime tearing each other in their slime," aboriginal men gnawing raw bones in their cave dwellings, and fifty other subjects equally fantastic and dramatic. Could not the Geological Society be persuaded, with Professor Prestwich's consent of course, to leave these interesting drawings on their walls for a day or two, and admit the public to see them by ticket or card?

Philosophers and men of letters are not the only music-haters. The accusation of weariness of music must even be extended, under circumstances, to eminent musician themselves, if we may believe an anecdote of Verdi in the Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The venerable composer has been taking his holiday at the Baths of Montecatini. The first object which met the eye of the master, as he entered the room which had been prepared for him, was a magnificent new pianoforte, and on the desk was placed out of compliment the score of the "Trovatore." The old gentleman had no sooner caught sight of these memorials of his everyday labour than he called the master of the house, and said to him, "Just take me to the spot where I can look into the deepest precipice." The landlord sent his son as a guide, but before he and Verdi left the house the latter locked up the piano and slipped the key into his pocket. The youth led his eminent companion to the summit of Monte Maria. Verdi struggled up with difficulty, and when they reached the top, sat down quite exhausted. After a few minutes' rest, he exclaimed gaily, "Thanks to the Madonna! I shall now do something to ensure myself a real holiday." With these words he took the key of the piano from his pocket and flung it into the depths. "On the day of my departure," he said to the lad, "I will order you a new key from the locksmith, and when I am gone you can have as much music as you like."

THE AUTOMATIC "OUT-OF-ORDER" GRIEVANCE.

EVER since the day when Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke first introduced their celebrated automaton figures into England there seems to have been a steady growth of so-called "automatic machines." London to-day is inundated with them, and, in fact, you can scarcely visit a railway station, hotel, or restaurant without coming face to face with something of the kind. "Drop a penny into the slot" and you can (or you can't as the case may be) obtain a cigarette, a pennyworth of confections, a box of matches, a dash of perfume, a halfpenny postcard, a galvanic shock, or a presumably correct chronicle of your weight. Since automatonism has taken the field the good old familiar "try your weight sir, c'rect weight sir" has vanished from the railway platform, and has been entirely superseded by the less inviting, less certain, red-visaged automatic plague. Indeed, our larger towns seem to be possessed of an irrepressible mania to supply everything automatically. To the promoters of this scheme we cannot but give credit for their clever ingenuity; for it is no doubt a profitable investment to be able to meet the public requirements without the additional cost of the labourer or middleman generally attached thereto. All this would be very well and very acceptable if the public invariably got what they bargained for; but, unfortunately, in many instances they don't. If all the would-be purchasers who have carelessly slotted their pence because of the trifling outlay and have consequently irrevocably sacrificed them, were to tell a tale, their names would be legion. Is there any inveterate smoker who, finding he has left his pipe or cigar-case at home, has not been induced to drop a penny, or even twopence, into one of these ever-absorbing boxes in the hope of obtaining the promised value for his money, and, after minutely following the directions and vainly tugging at the various drawers, has not his identical train steamed into the station, and in order to catch which has he not had to forego the enjoyment of an anticipated smoke on his way to the City?

"Sum'mut's wrong with the works. I weighs more than three stun' twelve, sartin."

"Often go wrong, Sir; but we are not responsible."

"Boo hoo! I've lost my penny."

And all this apart from the loss of the money he has paid for an article which he consequently has a right to receive. And, again, who at the seaside has not been the spectator of a picture such as this?

Now, to all these objections automatic promoters will no doubt reply, "Write to our office and the amount will be refunded." But, again, how is this practicable? If the proprietors adhered strictly to the latter rule they would no doubt be quickly overwhelmed with fictitious applications for imaginary losses. Again, who is to witness that Robinson, Brown, or Jones ever risked a penny with the automatic vendor of cheroots? And even supposing they had the most competent, sober, and friendly overlookers with them at the time of the investment, the pecuniary loss is so small that it is not worth the stamp, time, and trouble to rectify. But why not, on the failure of one part of the system (that is to say, by the mere fact of the ordinary apparatus getting out of order) give some intimation (automatically, of course) that the public need not deposit any more pence *pro tem.* within its precincts? If the slots themselves were to be made to close by the mere fact of the machine failing in its action, or on such occasions if prominent notices were posted warning the unwary of its inefficiency, the general public would be certain that whatever they bargained for they would at least be sure of securing. This we venture to think would in the end prove quite as remunerative to the seller, and certainly more satisfactory to the automatic-supporting public.

SILHOUETTES OF OUR DIPLOMATISTS.

"TEMPLE BAR" this month has an article on the *personnel* of our diplomatic service, which, though written from a somewhat Tory standpoint as to foreign politics, gives a series of lively silhouettes of our various Ambassadors

VIENNA.—OUR SENIOR AMBASSADOR.

Sir Augustus Paget looks every inch an Ambassador. Tall, square-shouldered and handsome, he has a thoroughly English face—the clean-shaved, chin and upper lip with the whiskers of English faces in the old time. Careful and tasteful in his dress, jovial in manner, a capital host, a good talker, a keen sportsman, bold rider, and active lawn-tennis player, he is the perfect impersonation of the popular English gentleman. Count Andrassy once said of him that he was too honest a man to make a good diplomatist. He is a kind-hearted man, a little quick of temper, plain-spoken, and not used to dissembling; but he has the shrewdness which comes from long official experience and from a fund of native humour. He has no disposition for intrigue; but he detects an intrigue, if not in its first stage at least in its second; and he plays it with a quiet block as a good cricketer does a "twister." Unendowed with the brilliant imagination which invents grand "coups" in diplomacy or ingenious expedients, he is a prudent adviser. His English is excellent.

BERLIN.—SIR EDWARD MALET.

It was said of Lord Ampthill—but this was an exaggeration—that he was the only diplomatist who could manage Prince Bismarck. No one would say as much of Sir Edward Malet; but neither would anybody assert that Prince Bismarck could manage Sir Edward. The secret of the latter's power lies in his impenetrability. A trim, thin-faced man, of slight build, with dark hair and sparse beard turning grey, he might be taken in any public place for a solicitor or doctor in good practice. He has not the advantage of a commanding stature and figure; and there is nothing striking in his attire; but look at him closely, and his intellect becomes revealed in his clear, square-cut forehead and the depth of his large eyes. As regards the externals of his character, everybody proclaims him a *bon camarade*. When he walks out with one of his secretaries he talks with an incessant flow of animal spirits. He is frolicsome as a boy, and has a laugh ringing and cheerful as a spring breeze. But in business he is as unapproachable as an octopus. During a political conversation he listens for all the world like a lawyer hearing a client's case, and sometimes an amused smile flickers over his face. But what he thinks he keeps to himself. He might have a despatch announcing a declaration of war in his pocket and nobody who questioned him about the chances of war would be any the wiser.

ST. PETERSBURG.—SIR ROBERT MORIER.

Sir Robert Morier's strength lies in knowledge. He stands upon his information as upon a hard pavement which he raps with a stick. With considerable vivacity of character, derived perhaps from a French ancestry, he darts rapidly to the knot of a question, guesses intuitively at the motives for human action; and brings the double acumen of an Oxford don and of a German savant to bear upon his analyses. The Germans found that he knew rather too much about themselves, and were piqued to see that he was never carried away by enthusiasm for German ideas. A professional dispassionateness, Liberal opinions of the old Whig type, and a sturdy English patriotism, render a man proof against the glamour which Teutonic successes and Bismarckian Cæsarism have exercised over certain English minds. It is said that the Russians have pleased him better than the Germans; and this is not surprising. In the highest circles of Russian society, where culture prevails, there is much more open-mindedness than at Berlin. The Russian delights in polite disputations, and will discuss any new theory in politics or religion with the ardour of a man who feels that he belongs to a new country whose future is one of limitless possibilities.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—SIR WILLIAM WHITE.

He is a man of leonine aspect, tall, stalwart, with a massive forehead, a flowing white beard, and a voice like a roar: "Ah, my dear Sirrr!" these words, ringing like an Irish accent, may be heard through the thickest doors or fifty paces off in a street, while Sir William with exuberant gesticulations is ramming some fact into a hard head, or some indignant remonstrance into a quivering soul. Sir William quotes forgotten protocols more readily than most men could cite the dates of their children's birthdays. His mind is an extraordinary store-house of well-classed facts, and he is continually adding to its contents. He is never for a moment idle. When at Belgrade and Bucharest he used to turn out at early morning, attend mass at the nearest Roman Catholic Church, and then mix with market-folk or other small people, to whom he would speak in their own language. By the time he returned home to breakfast he had always collected some odd bits of information which were as precious to him as bric-à-brac to a collector. His individuality is so strong that he might be called influence incarnate.

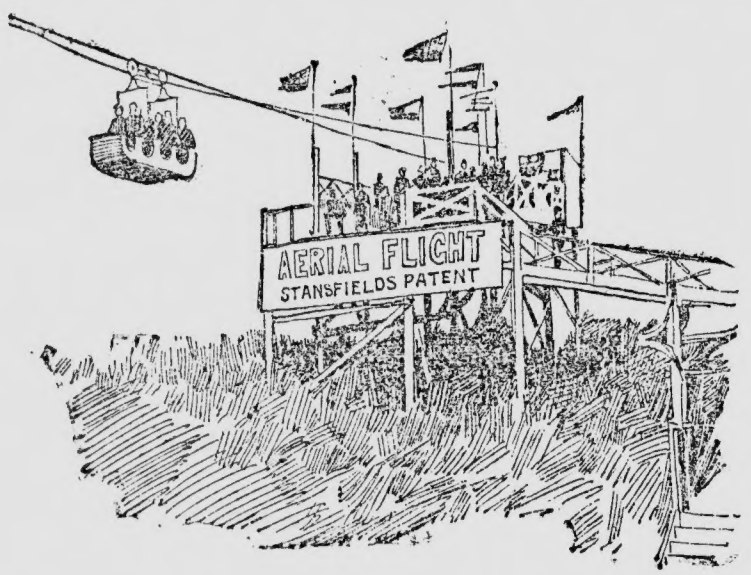
ROME.—LORD DUFFERIN.

As an Ambassador Lord Dufferin quite realizes the ideal of the diplomatist as pictured in novels. A dapper man, with strikingly handsome delicate features, dandified in dress, and aristocratic to his glove-tips, he is a great charmer when it pleases him so to be. Ladies think him delightful. Men have sometimes misjudged him at first sight, but have soon winced at feeling the grip of the iron hand under his kid glove. A trick of half-closing his eyes, a slightly affected drawl in his voice, a nonchalant demeanour when he enters into conversations of the gravest moment, are puzzling to some men who approach him and irritating to others; nor does Lord Dufferin ever quite renounce pose, except in those brief moments, when, his quick Irish temper being fired by the stupidity of somebody under his orders, he rates the delinquent in set terms. In all great negotiations his calmness and studied urbanity are inimitable; but his nature is imperious through and through, and let his sensitiveness be touched ever so little, pride flashes from his eyes like lightning. Nevertheless his most scathing retorts are always delivered with a cool, half-amused sarcasm, or with a grave scorn which brings all parleying to a stop.

THE AERIAL FLIGHT.

THE "aërial flight" is the latest development of the switchback-tobogganing craze. It was brought into public notice the other day very effectively by accounts in the newspapers of an accident which occurred at Blackpool, when a number of people who were indulging in the "flight" were knocked about more or less seriously. The reports, we are assured, however, must have been written by persons who indulged in a "flight" of the imaginative kind, for the accident was not so serious as the London newspapers represented. Mr. J. W. Stansfield, the patentee and manager of Stansfield's Patent Aërial Flight Company, while on a visit to the metropolis, put himself in communication with us, and gave us the information that the sole cause of the accident was the breaking of an iron shackle which fitted over one of the anchor posts at the south end, and to which the main cable was attached. On inspection it was found that a flaw in the iron had caused the fracture. The cable itself did not break, but one end being set free the loaded car descended rapidly in an oblique direction to the ground and in so doing ran against a low wall, which is no part of the apparatus, and over which the cars usually pass at a height of eight or ten feet. Had there been no wall, there would have been no serious injury done to any of the passengers, as the car would have run along the ground on wheels fixed in its base. One of the lady passengers who was in the car when the accident occurred thought at first that it was the ordinary "sensational" ride that she had had, until on attempting to walk she found her foot was hurt. This lady was not unlike the ancient dame who, on her first journey in a railway train, was unfortunate enough to get into a minor collision. She afterwards expressed herself pleased with the new method of travelling, but objected to the unceremonious way in which the passengers were thrown out. On this occasion the "aërial flight" was credited with more sensation than its projectors ever intended it to have.

The cable on which the cars travel is made of steel, is 200 yards in length, and stretches from a station 50 ft. high to another measuring 25 ft.



The rope is not tight, so that for the first half of the journey the angle of descent is very steep, and the car attains by gravitation a considerable momentum, which carries it along to the arrival platform. The empty car returns on a second cable, being drawn by an endless wire connected with the loaded car, which in its descent supplies the motive power. The car carries eight passengers, and is suspended from the cable on two pulleys. The motion is rapid and very smooth, giving, we are told, the sensation of a balloon journey. The distance is covered in half a minute, but as the first portion of the journey is much more rapid than the second when the incline begins, the speed attained is greater for some distance than the time named would work out. At the quickest part the speed has been reckoned to be from forty to fifty miles an hour, but by increasing the dip of the cable it could be increased to seventy or eighty miles.

Mr. Stansfield proposes to apply his invention to other purposes than that of amusement. He is of opinion that it would be of great practical use in crossing a river where the enormous expense of a bridge makes that means of communication prohibitive. In the same way he would set it up at the crowded crossings in great cities. The stations would not occupy more space than an ordinary "shelter," a lift would hoist the passengers without trouble to the top, and on being shot across the street they would descend by another lift. An overhead footbridge would no doubt serve the same purpose. "But," remarks our sanguine inventor, "people like to save themselves trouble, and they would readily pay a toll of a penny to be carried across. In a busy thoroughfare there would be enough traffic to make an aërial railway pay." The idea of adopting such machinery in our streets may seem absurd, but when it is remembered that there are many places in London which are more dangerous than railway level crossings, the necessity for some better means than the present of passing over becomes apparent. In the case of a river, say from four to five hundred yards wide, an aërial railway could be set up for £1,000, and a car could be suspended equal to the size of a small omnibus. A double railway at a street crossing might be erected for, say, £1,500. A staff would be necessary to work it, and it is a question whether the traffic would be sufficient with, say a penny toll, to cover the cost and give a return on the money sunk. The proposal has an almost absurd aspect, but Mr. Stansfield puts it forward seriously. When applied to a practical purpose, there would, of course, be no need to give the passengers a "sensation," and by modifying the dip of the wire the speed would be very much reduced

At Home and Abroad.

Cardinal Lavigerie is expected at Rome. The Vatican will shortly make a communication to all the Governments on the African slave question.

The German Emperor and Empress on Sunday visited a new Casino for the officers of his Majesty's Body Guard Hussars, and afterwards received a visit from the Empress Frederick.

The King of the Hellenes, who owns a palace adjacent to the Amalienborg Palace at Copenhagen, has just bought a landed property at the Sound, some twelve English miles from Copenhagen.

The Egyptian accounts for the present year, on the basis of the eight months past, should show a balance of revenue over expenditure. With good luck a deficit might be avoided.

A native named Hamantrao, who is connected with the Crawford case, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of two thousand rupees.

Mr. Blane, M P., who was undergoing six weeks' imprisonment under the Crimes Act, was yesterday released from Londonderry Gaol, owing to the condition of his health.

The emigration of coolies to the French colonies has been stopped by the Government of India.

The Nile has fallen six inches, and this fact is considered to destroy all hope of a further rise.

A largely attended meeting was held at Poplar last evening, to urge upon the Metropolitan Board of Works the importance of at once proceeding with the construction of the Thames (Blackwall) Tunnel.

The latest official intelligence received at Tangier from Mequinez stated that the Sultan intended leaving there on Saturday last or Monday en route for Tangier.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* says:—M. Herbette, the French Ambassador, is about to be recalled, and will be replaced at Berlin by the present French Ambassador in St. Petersburg.

At a meeting of the Folkestone town council last night a discussion took place on the advisability of applying to Parliament for a provisional order, by which bands could be provided out of the borough funds.

The Roumanian harvest has been an excellent one. How prosperous is the condition of the whole country has been demonstrated by the success of the new loan, issued last week by the town of Bucharest. The amount was 30,000,000 fl., and within a few hours it was covered five times over.

The Walsall Science and Art Institute was opened yesterday by the borough member, Sir Charles Forster, Bart., amid great rejoicings. The Earl of Bradford gave the site, and the cost of the structure—£5,500—has been met by the aid of Government grants amounting to about £1,300.

Professor Baldwin gave a second performance at the Manchester Racecourse yesterday, when he dropped from a height of 4,500 ft. Many thousand people were present. The parachute was longer than usual in opening, and Baldwin was in the air exactly one minute after leaving the balloon.

An autumn exhibition of pictures was yesterday opened by the mayor of Wolverhampton at the Art Gallery in that town. Altogether about 550 pictures are catalogued. A feature of the exhibition is a large collection by local painters.

It is said that the dinner in connection with the annual provincial meeting of the Incorporated Law Society at Newcastle-on-Tyne, will be given in Lord Armstrong's banquetting hall, "Jesmond Dene." It is expected that between three and four hundred persons will be present.

Some difficulty is apparently likely to arise regarding the French army estimates. M. Merillon hopes to introduce fresh economies. On the other hand, the War Minister declares that he will not accept any reductions in his Budget.

The widow of Assistant-warder Webb, who was murdered in Strangeways Gaol, Manchester, by John Jackson, has been allowed a pension of £15 a year, and £5 per annum for her child. The subscription fund raised for her now amounts to £145.

At Dublin yesterday an inquest was held on the body of Miss Mary Jane Taylor, a Canadian lady, who was found dying from the effects of poison in Phœnix Park. The deceased had suffered from religious melancholia, and the jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

An inquest was opened yesterday at Eastham, Cheshire, on the body of a young lady, name unknown, which was found on the shore with several deep cuts over the eyes. The deceased had taken off her shoes and stockings, which were found close by. The inquiry was adjourned to allow of identification.

The Redistribution of Seats Bill has been issued in Melbourne. It provides for the addition of eight members to the Legislative Assembly, making ninety-four in all, of whom seventy-four will represent single electorates, while the remaining twenty will be returned by two-member constituencies. Of the new seats created, five are to be allotted to the metropolis and suburbs.

The memorial of the late General Gordon in Trafalgar-square is approaching completion, the stone base being nearly ready for the reception of the statue. The cap of the pedestal is adorned with carved ribands, bearing the words "Gravesend," "China," "Soudan," and others entwined in foliage. The site of the memorial is between the fountains.

A circular has been issued by the French Minister of Posts and Telegraphs declaring that all the employés in the Post Office who make their grievances known through deputations of their colleagues, instead of addressing themselves personally to the heads of departments, will be considered as having resigned their posts.

The acting magistrate at Kimberley, after considering the records of the evidence regarding the De Beers Mine catastrophe, has returned a verdict to the effect that the fire was purely accidental, but he blames the general manager for not having reported the accident in No. 2 shaft on the morning of July 11.

George Moffat, clerk, was charged, at the Wandsworth police-court yesterday with uttering a cheque for £105 at the Clapham Junction branch of the London and South-Western Bank. The signature exciting the manager's suspicions, he caused it to be cashed, and immediately communicated with the police and Messrs. Smith and Co., by whom Moffat was employed. Prisoner was arrested with the notes upon him. He was remanded.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE EMPEROR'S DIARY.

THE CHANCELLOR THINKS IT IS APOCRYPHAL.

BUT OTHER PEOPLE DO NOT.

Prince Bismarck has hastened, after studying the text of the alleged diary published by the *Deutsche Rundschau*, to record his belief, and to have it telegraphed to all the points of the compass, that it appears to him to be clearly apocryphal. The Prince himself, speaking *in propriâ personâ*, roundly describes the diary as "apocryphal," while the *Cologne Gazette* chimes in with the negative protests of the semi-official press. It is possible that the primary object of these statements is simply to provoke or promote a discovery of the source whence the *Deutsche Rundschau* derived the diary; but the *Times* correspondent learns from the publishers of that magazine that on consideration they have resolved to treat all these denials with silent disdain. They are quite convinced as to the absolute authenticity of the document which they have given to the world, and that is enough for them. Considerable interest is manifested as to whether the statement that the alleged diary was published without the knowledge of the Emperor William will be followed by a similar declaration with respect to the Empress Frederick. Who had an interest in the divulgation of the diary (always supposing it to be authentic, which public opinion generally pronounces it to be) is a delicate question to discuss.

But, apart from the question of motives and aim, continues the *Times* correspondent, the effect, at least, of the journal's publication has been to illuminate the German mind on two points, on one of which it was completely ignorant, while on the other it was in considerable doubt. For it has clearly shown that the Crown Prince had a much greater share in the founding of the German Empire than was ever supposed. Hitherto his share in the creation of the Reich was assumed to be purely military, but now it is shown to have been political as well. Again, the diary leaves no doubt whatever that the writer was ardently attached to Liberal ideas, and hoped to distinguish his reign by gratifying the longing of his countrymen for freer and more elastic institutions. The high and dry Conservatives were shocked enough to find the Crown Prince quoting in his diary from the *Volkszeitung*, a Radical Berlin print, with the remark that it (this newspaper) always managed to hit the nail on the head; and now their horror is completed by Eugene Richter, the leader of the Liberalists, who in a speech the other day at Breslau revealed the fact—for fact he said it was—that when in 1884 the Secessionists and the Progressists combined themselves into what is now called the Freisinnige, or Liberalist party, the Crown Prince was the first to congratulate them on the result.

The Berlin *Post* declares the theory that the Empress Frederick was in any way responsible for the publication of the late Emperor's diary to be untenable. At the same time the journal does not express any doubt as to its genuineness, being supported in this view by Professor Delbrück, the tutor of the late Prince Waldemar.

The Paris *Soir* publishes the following with reference to the diary of the late Emperor Frederick: "Since the affair of the miscarriage of the Stettin interview, and the Bulgarian despatches, it is known that Prince Bismarck has resolved to declare apocryphal all documents the publication of which is not agreeable to him."

REINFORCEMENTS HURRIED OFF TO SUAKIN.

THE ARABS STILL SHELLING THE TOWN.

In consequence of the serious news from Suakin, the 4th Egyptian Battalion, under the command of Colonel Hickman, which was in readiness to join the frontier force shortly, has been ordered to proceed immediately from Alexandria to Suakin, where an attack is expected on Friday.

On Sunday night the enemy fired their guns within 500 yards of the forts and town of Suakin, but the forts soon knocked one gun out of position. Few of the Arabs' shells explode, owing to the deterioration of the fuses. The rebels' head man, Osman Diab, is skilled in the native mode of erecting earthworks.

On Monday morning the friendlies made a reconnaissance, in order to draw the rebels on; and, on their appearance, a deadly artillery fire was opened from the forts and the *Gannet*, forcing the enemy's cavalry on the right to retire into the bush, and silencing the musketry fire from the trenches. The position held by the rebels is now very strong and well situated.

Other deserters who have come in estimate the enemy's force at nearly two thousand men. Mahommed Obeid, an Egyptian colonel, who deserted to the Mahdi after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, is now in the trenches. Rowayah and Halaib are threatened.

An Italian gunboat from Massowah, and a French man-of-war from Aden, have arrived.

ALLEGED CRUELTIES BY ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

The special correspondent of the *Liverpool Post* at Constantinople says:—Kiamil Pasha has wired to the British Cabinet that the situation in Suakin is becoming serious, from the fact that English officers and soldiers have not, as a rule, treated the Soudanese as belligerents. The Grand Vizier again states in this despatch that Osman Digna's followers have been exasperated by certain acts of cruelty on the part of the English garrison. The Porte expresses, for the third time, the opinion that an understanding between Great Britain and the Arab chief is possible if Lord Salisbury will only come to terms with the Sultan on the Egyptian question.

THE HURRICANE IN CUBA.

The effect of the last month's gale in Cuba was not very disastrous at Havana, being limited principally to coasting schooners and lighters and the destruction of roofs of houses and gardens. News from other parts of Cuba state that the hurricane was felt between Carbarien and Havana on the north coast, and between Cienfugos and Batabano on the south. Sagua la Grande and Cardenas seem to have been the greatest sufferers. In the former port about eighty persons are said to be missing, and of them forty-three bodies have been recovered. At Cardenas the sea covered nearly half the town. In Batabano the *Leattad* steam launch was completely wrecked, and nine of the crew perished. The *Espanol*, Spanish steamer, from Havana to Matanzas, had a hard time of it, and lost a quartermaster overboard. Cienfugos suffered the least, while Batabano was almost wholly submerged.

THE STANLEY AND EMIN EXPEDITIONS.

ARRIVAL OF THE SYRIAN INTERPRETER.

The Syrian interpreter, Assad Farran, who accompanied the Stanley expedition part of the way, is now in London, having arrived yesterday at Hull. He is said to be an intelligent man of about thirty-five years of age, and speaks English fluently. The agent of the Empresa Nacional in Hull, Mr. T. C. Laws, had been notified that the man was on board the *Portugal*, and, acting on instructions from Sir Francis de Winton, forwarded him to London, where he will be seen by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee.

Farran left the camp at Aruwimi in June of this year, and three days afterwards Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson started on the search after Stanley. The man, who says he left the camp on account of ill-health, went on board the *Portugal* at Banama, at the mouth of the Congo, in company with Mr. Troup, one of the expedition, who journeyed as far as Lisbon in the steamer and from that place came overland to England. It is stated that Farran is the man from whom information was obtained as to the alleged ill-treatment of the Arabs by Major Barttelot. In conversation yesterday morning Farran repeated that his statement with regard to that official's conduct of the expedition was quite correct. The reason why Tippoo Tip only provided 400 men, instead of the 600 promised, for the expedition, says Farran, was that Tippoo Tip disliked Major Barttelot. If it had been Mr. Stanley the men would have been sent with alacrity. Farran heard in Lisbon of the death of Major Barttelot, and he says that before that officer left Aruwimi he (Farran) felt satisfied that Major Barttelot would be killed in some way by his men on account of his being so much disliked. Farran had a high opinion of Stanley, and thinks he will eventually turn up; but he says he has misgivings. His idea is that Stanley, if alive, is with Emin Pasha. Stanley would not allow the Europeans to ill-treat the Arabs, but as soon as Stanley left there was continual ill-treatment. Farran adds that when he started for Aruwimi those at the camp had had no news of Stanley for twelve months.

Telegraphing to his wife a few days before his death Mr. Jameson said:—"All reports concerning me emanating from Assad Farran, a dismissed interpreter, false. If made public stop them." Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, also, in a letter published on Saturday, uttered a warning against "the stories which the Syrian interpreter, Assad Farran, has scattered broadcast on his journey down the Congo."

KING LEOPOLD'S STANLEY SEARCH EXPEDITION.

Lieutenant Becker is about to sail again for the Congo. He is being sent by King Leopold to organize a strong expedition to search for Mr. Stanley.

THE LATEST EMIN PASHA EXPEDITION.

It is now said in Berlin that the route which the Emin Pasha expedition will take is not yet fixed, as much will depend on the state of affairs in Zanzibar. Some Berlin papers are still strongly opposed to the enterprise. The *Vossische*, for instance, remarks:—

If it is true that the bitter feeling against the German company has reached the degree indicated by the English reports, and has rendered it impossible for the company to take possession of the Customs stations assigned to it, the scheme of the Emin expedition is based on air. The project of uniting the Soudan and the Lakes Territory with the coast can be attained only if the uniting factor itself possesses a firm chain of stations between such points.

THE GERMANS ON THE ZANZIBAR COAST.

BRITISH SUBJECTS WITHDRAWN FROM THE INTERIOR.

The *Times* correspondent at Zanzibar telegraphs:—It is rumoured that German military operations are pending on the coast. Colonel Euan-Smith has made arrangements for the withdrawal of the eighteen English members of the Magila mission by native agency. He has also prohibited all movement of English subjects from the coast to the interior, and has stopped many caravans.

And from Berlin comes the following message:—Intelligence has been received here from Zanzibar to the effect that an attack was made yesterday by the natives on the German Company's settlement at Bogamoyo. Assistance was, however, brought by the German frigate *Leipsic*, which landed an armed party, and after a short conflict the Arabs were defeated, leaving 100 dead. There was no loss on the German side.

ON GUARD AGAINST YELLOW FEVER.

There is still much apprehension (the *Times* American correspondent telegraphs) regarding the yellow fever throughout the South, and a general desire exists in the Southern towns to exclude refugees. At Nashville troops are employed on quarantine duty, and are guarding all the approaches. The entire population, excepting 150 persons, have fled from Decatur, Alabama, where the fever appeared last week. At Louisville, Kentucky, a public meeting has been held at which it was resolved to receive 135 Decatur refugees, and to open the gates to all fugitives escaping from the yellow fever. At Chattanooga, Tennessee, a reward of 25 dols. is offered for the detection of any refugee entering the city. The prevalent belief in the North is that the scare in the Southern States is not warranted by the facts concerning the disease.

According to the returns just received, the total number of cases and deaths from yellow fever since the outbreak of the epidemic are:—At Jacksonville, 1,878 cases and 212 deaths; at Jackson, 14 cases and 4 deaths; and at Decatur, 17 cases and 4 deaths.

A Reuter's telegram from Jacksonville to-day says—"123 fresh cases of yellow fever were recorded here yesterday;" and the appearance of yellow fever at Fernandina, East Florida, is now officially declared.

For FEUILLETON, see page 13.

FOURTH EDITION.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.

THE BRITISH COMMANDER'S ATTACK.

TOTAL ROUT OF THE TIBETANS.

FOUR HUNDRED KILLED AND WOUNDED.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

SIMLA, Sept. 25.—Colonel Graham has attacked the Tibetans in the Jelapla Pass, and completely defeated them, capturing their camp. The Tibetans lost four hundred killed and wounded. On the British side Colonel Bromhead lost his right arm, and nine sepoys were wounded.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

DISCONTENT IN THE FRENCH POST OFFICES.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—A meeting of officials employed in the post and telegraph departments was held this evening, at which between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred persons were present. A resolution was unanimously adopted, adhering to the terms of the circular lately addressed to all the post and telegraph offices in the country, declaring those present to be at one with the employés who had been punished for making known their grievances, and calling upon the Director-General of the Department to punish all those present at the meeting in a similar manner.

THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY.

BERLIN, Sept. 25.—A statement is published this morning by the *Norddeutsche Zeitung* respecting the position taken up by the British Government with regard to the complaints made by Herr Koenigsberg, a German merchant, against the British Royal Niger Company. The semi-official journal begins by characterizing as inaccurate the report published in some newspapers that the German Foreign Office had officially informed Herr Koenigsberg, who was expelled from the territory of the Niger Company, that the British Government had acknowledged his protests against the closing of the river Niger to be well founded, and that no opposition would be offered on the part of Great Britain to his resuming his business in that region. It also denies the statement that the German Government had sent an ultimatum to London on the subject. All that has been done in the matter has been to intimate to Herr Koenigsberg that the British Government has declared itself prepared to secure for him liberty to return to the territory of the Royal Niger Company, provided that he foregoes his claims to compensation.

THE FUNERAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

The remains of Marshal Bazaine were buried yesterday evening in one of the old cemeteries of San Justo, in Madrid. The funeral car was drawn by six horses, and was flanked by powdered footmen. The sword and epaulettes of the deceased were laid on the coffin. Marshal Bazaine's son and his confessor were in the first mourning carriage, which was followed by two private and three hackney coaches. The only person of note present was Marshal Martinez Campos. The funeral excited no interest or curiosity, not even in the streets around the residence of the deceased. The news of the death of Marshal Bazaine has caused very little sensation in Paris, and thus far the papers have been more temperate in their comments on his so-called treason than might have been expected. Possibly time has softened down the asperity of the feeling against him.

The fact is not generally known that Marshal Bazaine was abandoned by his wife about seven years ago. He died in a state of absolute destitution, and has not left enough money for the expenses of his interment. His income was less than £80 per annum. The lady has obtained a divorce in Mexico, where she is leading a rather adventurous life. The Queen Regent of Spain will, out of pity, pay the cost of the funeral.

THE STORY ABOUT THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The sensational story about the Princess of Wales is still unconfirmed. The Prince's secretaries have no information, and, therefore, neither confirm nor deny the *Sunday Times* telegram. All that is known in Pall Mall seems to be that her Royal Highness left Gmunden on Saturday—a day later than intended. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Sheerness this morning from the Continent, and proceeded to London, attended by Miss Knollys and Colonel Clarke. The party arrived at Charing-cross shortly after noon, and drove immediately to Marlborough House.

A "BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS" AT BLACKPOOL.

There was a "battle of flowers" at Blackpool yesterday. The trains brought in thousands of people from all parts of the northern counties and the midlands, and the utmost gaiety prevailed. Some tons of floral ammunition were brought in from the south, a public fund having been raised, and visitors brought baskets and bouquets of bright-hued flowers and ferns from all parts of the country. The houses along the marine front were embellished with festoons of evergreens and flowers, and the whole promenade, extending over a mile, was densely packed. The fête opened by a grand procession of carriages, embowered in flowers, some of the devices being very chaste. Some were canopied with ferns and flowers and heather, and the wheels were encrusted with flowers of gorgeous hues. The battle commenced in Claremont Park, and extended to other parts, the signal for hostilities having been given by the mayor. The scene was animated and picturesque, and soon pedestrians, excited by the spectacular display, became actual combatants, the heavily-laden ammunition waggons being freely drawn upon. The mounted constables were well pelted, and at times flowers literally fell upon their good-humoured faces in showers. This autumn fête proved an immense success.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE DECLINES TO NOTICE THE CHARGE AGAINST NAPOLEON III.

The Central News states that the revelations in the Emperor Frederick's diary, alleging that the Emperor Napoleon, after the fall of Sedan, had proposed a Franco-German attack upon England, have been brought to the notice of the Empress Eugénie, but at the present moment her Majesty does not propose to take any public notice of the charges made against her late husband.

THE TRIAL OF A LONDON DOCTOR FOR MURDER.

AT THE OLD BAILEY TO-DAY.

The trial of James Gloster, thirty-four, a medical man, residing at 15, Phillimore-place, Kensington, for the murder of Eliza Jane Schumacher, a dressmaker, living in Pimlico, in the course of an attempt to procure abortion, was resumed before Mr. Justice Charles at the Old Bailey this morning.

The first witness called was Dr. Crain, who had been originally consulted by the deceased, who was subsequently called in after the deceased had been taken ill, and who assisted at the post-mortem. He corroborated the statement that the deceased was not pregnant at all, and that she had been injured by instruments.

The case is proceeding.

MR. CARNEGIE'S DETERMINATION.

HE WILL NOT DIE RICH.

This forenoon, in the Glasgow Central Station Hotel, Mrs. Carnegie was presented with an address congratulating her and her husband on the great good they had accomplished by assisting in establishing free libraries. Mr. Carnegie, replying, said his wife and he were determined they would not die rich. They had concluded there was no way by which wealth could do so much genuine, permanent good as aiding communities which showed willingness to aid themselves.

THE NEW POLICE OFFICES.

London, as we know, is to have a police-station more worthy of a great city than that at Scotland-yard. Mr. Matthews may remain in office to see it opened. On the site where we were to have had a National Opera House the foundations for the new police-station were laid some time ago. A large number of men are now at work, and enormous quantities of stone, brought appropriately enough from the convict works at Portland, are carted on to the ground. The building will be a fine one, comprising, among other things, a suitable chamber for the ghastly collection of relics of notorious murderers and other criminals.

WHAT NEXT IN IRELAND?

A rumour reaches me (says the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*) that Mr. Balfour has returned to town, but that his presence at the Irish Office is being kept a strict secret, because of certain important consultations which are now going forward there. It is stated that these are participated in by the Attorney-General and a number of officials attached to Dublin Castle, and that they are in connection with a contemplated new development under the Crimes Act. With this idea, Mr. William O'Brien's speeches are being carefully noted, and the probabilities of a successful prosecution of Mr. Davitt have been taken into account by the Irish Executive.

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. HODGSON BURNETT.

A few weeks ago a committee was formed in order to present to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett some article of personal adornment, together with an address signed by as many as possible of her brother and sister writers, as a mark of appreciation of her public-spirited action in contesting the right of performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The proposal met with the hearty approval of the Incorporated Society of Authors. The subscription list was limited to two guineas, and it was agreed that no list of the separate contributions should be made out. A circular to this effect was addressed to some eight hundred authors and authoresses, chiefly novelists, and a large proportion have replied favourably. As the list will shortly close, it is hoped that any who have not received a circular, or who would wish to take any part in the testimonial, would send in their names.

MRS. JA-JA.

Among recent distinguished arrivals from over the sea is Patience, wife of the exiled African potentate Ja-Ja. The lady, who has just arrived in Liverpool, seems to have created a not altogether disagreeable impression. Her recommendations are that she is only eighteen years of age, is less of a "coloured person" than most Africans, that she speaks English, if imperfectly, and that she is the favourite wife of a man who has made something of a stir in the world. Mrs. Ja-Ja favours European costume, though her dress indicates that simplicity is yet an attribute of life on the West Coast. Patience sails from Southampton on October 3 to join Ja-Ja at St. Vincent (West Indies).

AN ARGUMENT FOR TEETOTALLERS.

The Belgian Home Secretary has submitted to the King a report on the fatal results of alcoholism in Belgium. The Minister has come to the conclusion that stringent measures ought to be adopted by the police to prevent the sale of intoxicating and adulterated drinks, especially in Bruges, where all the strikes are due to the excessive indulgence in so-called "brandy" and "absinthe." A great number of laborious and steady workmen in the principal towns of the kingdom have declared to the authorities that if heavy penalties were imposed on the retailers of these poisonous beverages strikes would not occur so often.

ANOTHER WHITECHAPEL OUTRAGE.

A report has been made to the police of another outrageous attack upon a woman in Vine-street, Whitechapel, the circumstances of which, up to a certain point, resemble the cases recently reported. The only difference is that in this case it was an attempted murder only. The woman was of the same class, the locality was Whitechapel, and the man is not in custody. The woman describes him as being about thirty-five years old, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, with a black moustache, dressed in a brown coat. He struck her in the face, inflicted a wound with a knife on the shoulder, and then decamped.

ELECTION OF A PROCTOR.

In the Convocation of York yesterday Canon Heywood was elected as Proctor for the archdeaconry of Manchester by 160 votes, only 67 being recorded for Canon Stowell.

FALL OF A PORTION OF THE MONUMENT.

At twenty minutes past nine this morning a huge piece of the coping fell from the top of the Monument. Descending with fearful velocity it came into contact with one of the griffins at a corner near the bottom of the Monument. No one was hit. The large window of a coffee shop was cracked.

BAD BUSINESS FOR BARMAIDS.

It cannot be denied (observes the London correspondent of the *York Herald*) that there is a plethora of barmaids in London. If a licensed victualler requires the services of one of those useful young women he has often fifty applicants to choose from. But the circumstance that the supply of barmaids is more than equal to the demand does not account for the general reduction of wages which has taken place in the establishments of a leading firm of restaurateurs. The step, which caused commotion among those directly concerned, is due to the necessity of diminishing the expenditure, and not to any desire to grind down the employés, who have, it is understood, been habitually treated with consideration if not with indulgence.

MR. BALFOUR RELENTS AGAIN.

Mr. Blane, M.P., was unexpectedly and unconditionally released from Derry prison yesterday. The hon. gentleman looked in weak health. Last February Mr. Blane was sentenced to four months' imprisonment at Dungannon on a charge of inciting tenants to join the National League and to adopt the Plan of Campaign, and this sentence was increased on the 19th of April to six months by Judge Webb. Mr. Blane would have completed his term of imprisonment in three weeks. Father M'Fadden, on the same occasion, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Father M'Fadden is still in prison.

AN OPERA HOUSE ON FIRE.

The Royal Opera House at Pesth—a splendid structure, erected barely four years ago in the Andrassy Avenue, at a cost of two million florins from the Emperor's private purse—was last night reported to be in flames. The edifice was said to be doomed. No details concerning the disaster have yet arrived.

ANOTHER "LUCKY FELLOW."

M. Gustave Boulanger, the eminent French painter, has died suddenly of an attack of apoplexy. He had dined the preceding evening with M. Garnier, the architect of the Opera House. The dinner was very gay, and the painter was brilliantly anecdotic. M. Boulanger on his way in the evening to M. Garnier's passed with a friend by Scribe's house in the Rue Pigalle, and remarked, "What a lucky fellow that Scribe was! His greatest piece of luck, to my thinking, was to have died so suddenly, driving in his carriage, as to be unable to pull the cord connecting him with his coachman."

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN ON SCHISM.

Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., presiding last night at a meeting of Calvinistic Methodists at Brymbo, referred to the correspondence published yesterday between the vicar of Brymbo and Canon Ryle on the question of Dissent. The hon. member said that in making the assertion that "Dissent is schism, and schism is sin," the vicar must have forgotten the Reformation, which was "the greatest schism that ever rent the religious world in twain." The Church of England was the offspring of schism, as every man who read the history of the reign of Henry VIII. aright knew well enough, and but for that schism the congregation at Brymbo church would at this moment be kneeling before the image of the Virgin Mary and invoking the mediation of saints. It was the survival of this narrow exclusiveness—happily now becoming more and more rare—which made it difficult for tolerant and fair-minded men to remain members of the Church of England, and which reminded him of the famous saying of a bygone divine, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is everybody else's doxy."

"HE HAD TAKEN OVER AN EVICTED FARM."

A farmer named John Fitzgerald, living at a place called Ahanacrinna, about a mile from Abbeydorney and six miles from Tralee, was fired at on Sunday evening about seven o'clock, while digging potatoes in his garden, and wounded above the knee. He had taken over an evicted farm. The wound is not serious.

The Parnell defence fund amounts to £3,950.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., is expected to preside at the forthcoming meeting of the National League in London.

The well-known wax-works concern familiar to most of us as Mdme. Tussaud's has been converted into a limited liability company.

The Russian Grand Dukes Sergius and Paul have arrived in Constantinople.

A poll has been taken at Wolverhampton on the question of Sunday closing, and the result was—in favour of Sunday closing, 3,677; against, 3,450; majority in favour, 227.

The march of democracy! A candidate for parliamentary honours at the last Queensland election is travelling with a panorama in the neighbourhood of Sydney.

The Earl of Northbrook visited Galway yesterday with Chief Justice Morris, and afterwards went to Lord Clanricarde's estate at Loughrea, where he had an interview with Mr. Tener, the agent of the estate. His lordship dined with the Roman Catholic coadjutor Bishop.

Dr. G. A. Moorhead has been unanimously appointed medical officer for the Tullamore dispensary district in the room of the late Dr. James Ridley. It is stated that he is the first Roman Catholic elected to such an important position in Tullamore.

Mr. Wemyss Reid is preparing a cheap edition of his "Life of Mr. Forster." It will appear in one volume, and though not fully a reprint of the more expensive edition, will contain the most valuable matter.

An extraordinary fatality occurred yesterday afternoon at Cardiff. A man named Chapman, who had been pigeon flying, became much excited on receiving news of the success of his birds, and without a word of warning dropped down dead.

Shortly before eleven o'clock this morning Prince Bismarck started for Potsdam, whither Count Herbert Bismarck had preceded him, in order to have a conference with the Emperor. Prince Bismarck has returned to Berlin from Friedrichsruhe.

THIS DAY'S MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One.

MARKETS ALL WEAK.—QUOTATIONS LOWER.

The Money Market presents a firm appearance, and rates are fully maintained. Everybody is anticipating comparative stringency during the latter part of the week and the beginning of next, owing to the various demands coming upon the market, and in some directions provision is already being made. Day to day money which is not much wanted is obtainable at 2¾ to 3 per cent., but for loans over the Stock Exchange settlement commencing to-morrow the charge is 3¼ to 3½ per cent. The allotment of the Treasury bills yesterday at lower rates than had been expected has not weakened the discount rate for three months' bank bills, which is still quoted 3⅝ per cent. There is still some uneasiness with respect to the rumours current of a further withdrawal of notes or coin for Russian account.

The near approach of the fortnightly settlement and the unfavourable change in the weather have had a depressing effect on all departments of the Stock Exchange, and in almost all directions the movements are adverse, though they are not of special importance. Consols are neglected at the moment, and show no movement, but in the Home Railway market there is a general slight decline, except in the case of Hull and Barnsley and District. The deferred stocks of the southern lines and the securities of the heavy lines are especially dull. Foreign Government bonds are only slightly altered, but most of the variations are to lower prices, Egyptian, French, Italian, and Spanish all being down to the extent of a small fraction. The American Railroad market is depressed, being influenced by the decline in New York yesterday. Milwaukee and St. Paul shares are still weak, but Louisville and Nashville shares are the turn higher. Trunks are quiet, but Mexican Railways are heavy on the traffic, the total take only amounting to £5,100, a falling off compared with the corresponding week last year of £10,500. Copper Mining shares have been offered, particularly Rio Tinto and Mason and Barry, but Diamond descriptions are steady.

The Stock Market at New York yesterday opened rather weak, with the bears and professionals exerting much pressure. Prices, however, advanced ¼ to 1 during the forenoon, but afterwards weakness became general, and the market declined rapidly, the losses extending to 4. Some recovery took place at the close, which was dull, but firm.

The following are the latest changes compared with last night's closing prices:—

In Home Railways.—*Improved*: Hull and Barnsley ½, and District ¼. *Receded*: Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Metropolitan Land ½, Great Western, North Western, and Midland ¼, Caledonian, Great Eastern, Brighton Deferred, Chatham Ordinary, Sheffield Deferred, North Eastern, and South Eastern Deferred ⅛ each.

Among Foreign Stocks.—*Advanced*: Turkish Group 2 1-16. *Declined*: Argentine Treasury ½, Hard Dollars ½, Buenos Ayres Cedulas ¼, French Three and Four and a Half per Cents. ¼, Egyptian Unified ¼, the Preference and Daira ⅛, Hungarian Gold and Italian ⅛, Spanish Four per Cents. and Turkish Group 4 1-16.

American Railroads.—*Fallen*: Northern Pacific Preference 1⅛, Central Pacific, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Norfolk and Western Preference and Union Pacific ⅝ each; Missouri, Kansas, and Texas ½, Lake Shore ⅜, Denver Ordinary and Preference, New York Central, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia and Reading shares, and Wabash Preference ¼, Erie Second Mortgage ¼, and the shares ⅛.

As regards Canadian and Foreign Railways.—*Higher*: Grand Trunk First Preference and Guaranteed ⅛, and the Ordinary 1-16. *Lower*: Mexican Ordinary ½, the Second Preference ¼, Canadian Pacific ¼, Grand Trunk Second Preference ⅛, and Lombardo-Venetian 1-16.

Kimberley Central shares are up ⅛; but Rio Tinto shares are down 5-16, Mason and Barry ⅛, and Imperial Ottoman Bank shares 1-16.

The directors of the Telephone Company of Austria (Limited) have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference shares of the company for the six months ending the 30th inst.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The spot market is idle and only a retail business is doing at previous rates. Sales 5,000. Futures, after being flat at one to two points decline, are now steadier again, and there are now buyers at a slight fraction below last night's rates.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.		
Consols	100¼	⅛
New Consols 2¾	97⅛	¾
Reduced 3 p. c.	99⅝	100
Local Loan Stock	102	3
New 2½ per Cent.	93¼	⅛
India 3½ per Cent.	104¼	¼
Do. 4½ p. c. Rs.	71⅜	⅞
Egyptian Guar.	100	½
Met. Bd. Wks. 5¼	111½	12
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	101	2
Birmingham Crp. Stk.	110½	11
Liverpool	110½	11
FOREIGN STOCKS.		
Argentine 6 p. c.	100	2
Do. Hard Dols.	70	1
Do. Treasury	9⅛	9½
Austrian Gold	91	3
Do. Silver	87	9
Brazilian 1875	103	4
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	102	4
Do. Cedulas I.	6¼	4¼
Chilian 4½ p.c. 1885	100	2
Costa Rica A.	92½	3½
Do. B.	91½	2
Egypt. State Dom.	101½	2
Do. Unified	8¼	⅛
Do. Preference	102½	¼
Do. Daira Sanieh	80	¼
French 3 p.c. Rnts	82¼	3
Do. 4½ p.c. Rnts	103¼	4½
Greek 5 p.c. 1881	79¼	80¼
Hung. Gold Rente	83¼	4
Italian	93⅝	6½
Mexican Converted	39¼	40
Peruvian 5 p.c.	14⅜	15
Do. 6 p.c.	25⅜	⅜
Portuguese	6¼	⅛
Russian 1873	93⅛	⅜
Spanish 4 p. c.	75⅛	¼
Turkish 1854	100	2
Group 1	25¼	6¼
Group 2	15⅜	16
Groups 3 and 4	15⅛	⅛
4½ p. c. 1871	85½	7
5 p. c. Defence	93	½
5 p. c. Priority	81	3
Uruguay Unified	73⅛	6
Virginia Funded	41	2
U.S. 4½ p.c.	108½	9¼
BRITISH RAILWAYS		
Caledonian	115⅜	16½
Great Eastern	70⅝	¼
Great Northern	117	13
Ditto A	101½	5½
Great Western	140½	50
Hull and Barnsley	42¼	3¾
Lanc. and York.	119	20
Brighton (Ordinary)	141	5
Do. A	133⅜	⅛
Chatham (Ordinary)	24	¼
Do. Preference	102⅛	3
North Western	163¼	70½
South Western	133	9
Manchester & Shef	71	3
Do. A.	38	¼
Met. Consolidated	74½	5
Do. Land Stock	70	1
Do. District	35¼	¼
Midland	133¼	4
North British	127¼	3
North Eastern	150¾	60
North Stafford	111	13
South Eastern	133	5
Do. Deferred	110½	¼
FOREIGN RAILWAYS		
Canada Pacific	59	⅛
Cen. Pacific Shares	33½	¼
Chic. Mil. and St. P.	66½	¼
Denver & R. Grande	20	¼
Do. Pref.	54¼	¼
Illinois Shares	121	7
Lake Shore	103¼	4
Ohio & Miss. Rapp.	24¼	5¼
Louis. and Nash.	59⅜	⅜
Mex. Cen. Bonds	67⅛	8
Do. Nat "A"	67¼	8¼
Miss. Kan. & Texas	12⅜	13
N. Y. Cen. Shares	111¼	12¼
New York Ontario	17⅜	⅜
Erie Shares	29¼	30
Do. Sec. Mort.	103¾	⅛
Norfolk & West. Pref	57⅛	8
N.Y.P.&O. 1st M.	40⅜	1⅛
North. Pacific Pref	60⅜	⅛
Pennsylvania Sh.	55⅛	7
Phil. and Read. Sh	25¼	⅛
Union Pacific Shares	60¼	¼
Wabash Preferred	25¼	7⅛
Do. Gen. Mort.	44	5
Grand Trunk Sh.	12⅛	⅛
Do. First Pref.	67¼	½
Do. Second Pref	42¾	⅛
Do. Third Pref.	21⅛	⅜
Do. Guaranteed	70½	1
Mexican Ordinary	47⅛	8
Do First Pref	120¼	1¼
Ob. do. 2nd Pref	79¼	80
Lombardo-Venetian	9	⅛
Varna 3 per cent	7⅜	⅜
Nitrate Railway	24½	5
BANKS.		
Alliance Bank	133¼	14¼
City Bank	120½	1½
Consolidated Bank	7¼	8¼
Imperial Ottoman	12	¼
London and County	35½	5½
Union of London	40	1
London and West.	66½	7
London Joint Stock	39	40
Nat. Prov. of Eng.	43	4
Stand. Bank S. Afric	50⅛	1½
MINES		
Indian Consolidated	5 15	7 16
Mysore shares	3	⅛
Ooregums	1⅛	9 16
Cape Copper	5 7 16	9 16
Nimaqua	3⅛	⅜
Mason and Barry	12	⅛
Rio Tinto	23¼	⅛
Montana £1 shares	1¼	⅛
De Beers	31¼	½
Kimberley Cent.	35	¼
TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.		
Anglo-American	45½	6
Do. Pref.	75	6
Brazilian Submarine	13¼	½
Direct Unit. States	10¼	½
Eastern	12¼	½
Ditto Extension	12⅜	13⅜
United Telephone	13¼	¼
Globe Teleg. Trust	7	¼
TRAMWAYS ETC		
London Gen. Om.	194	9
London Street	12½	13½
London Tramway	13½	14½
North Metropolitan	17	18
WATERWORKS.		
Chelsea Waterworks	260	5
East London	197	202
Grand Junction	124	8
Kent	270	5
Lambeth	261	6
New River, New	349	54
Sthwrk. & Vauxhal	106	7½
W. Middlesex	265	70
GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.		
Gaslight & Coke A	251	5
Imp. Continental	209	12
South Metropolitan	306	11
Brush Elec. Li. (£4 pd)	3¼	½
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Allsopp	8⅛	⅜
Guinness and Co.	310	12½
Hotchkiss	10⅛	⅜
Bryant and May	12¼	13¼
Spratt's Patent	9⅞	10⅛
P. and O. Steam	65	8
Royal Mail Steam	63	6
Ott. Discount Co.	11½	12
Hudson's Bay	19¾	20
Suez Canal	89	½
W. & W. Ind. Dock	23	6
London and St. K.	43	5

TERRIBLE OUTRAGE ON THE RAILWAY.

A MAN THROWN OUT OF A TRAIN.

Last night a terrible outrage occurred on the London and North Western Railway between Manchester and Stalybridge. A man named Heaton lifted another man—a foreigner—with whom he had quarrelled clean out of the window on to the railway. The train was running at thirty miles an hour, and the man, when picked up, was found to be terribly injured. Heaton has been taken into custody, while the victim of the outrage lies in the hospital.

STOLEN GREEK TREASURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE AUTHORITIES IN AN AWKWARD POSITION.

The authorities of the British Museum, and in less degree the curators of the South Kensington Museum, says the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*, find themselves in a rather awkward position. Some time ago the authorities of the British Museum purchased a magnificent marble bust of the Emperor Adrian. It was a work of the finest antique art, and the price was exceedingly reasonable. The authorities were naturally proud of their latest acquisition, and one day invited a well-known gentleman connected with the diplomatic world to view the treasure. The Greek, as soon he set eyes on the bust, recognized in it one of the most valuable treasures of the Royal Museum at Athens. He communicated with his Government, with the most astounding results. It was found that not only had the bust of Adrian been stolen from the Athens Museum, but many other priceless treasures had disappeared. M. Tricoupis, the Grecian Premier, on hearing from the Greek Minister in London, gave directions for a strict examination of the national collections, not only in the Central Museum at Athens, but throughout the country. It was discovered that the looting had been general, and some high official personages in Athens have been held responsible for the thefts, which have been carried on in the most audacious and systematic manner for a considerable period of time.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN LONDON.

The steady progress which has marked the development of university extension teaching within the metropolitan district still continues. Altogether there will be seventeen lecturers at work during the winter, delivering twenty-nine different courses, many of which are repeated at more than one centre. Eight are devoted to Literature, five to History, two to Social Science, two to Art, and twelve to Natural Science, all of them being full courses of ten or twelve lectures, with the single exception of one on Spectrum Analysis, which is to be given at Dulwich. Mr. Churton Collins supplies five of the literary courses, others being given by Mr. J. A. Hobson, Mr. E. J. Macmullan, and Mr. P. H. Wicksteed. Historical subjects are discussed by Mr. T. H. Attwater, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh. Mr. Ernest Radford lectures on art and on architecture, Mr. G. Armitage Smith on political economy, and Mr. P. H. Wicksteed on sociology. Of the scientific courses, chemistry is taken by Professor V. B. Lewes, astronomy by Mr. J. D. McClure and Mr. E. J. C. Morton, physiology by Mr. Walter Pye and Mr. D. W. Samways, electricity by Mr. W. Lant Carpenter, physical geography by Mr. A. W. Clayden, and geology by Professor H. G. Seeley. As was the case last year, the charges vary greatly in different districts, from a guinea for the course at Wimbledon and Harrow to a single shilling at the People's Palace and at Toynbee Hall.

A TOAD TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards writes to the *Times* to-day as follows:—The following extract from a letter which I have received from a gentleman well known for his archæological and scientific tastes is so remarkable that I think it will be read with interest by your readers:—

I suppose you have often heard of toads being found in pieces of rock, coal, &c., when broken open by the workmen's pick. I have to-day just seen one taken out of a bed of clay on Tuesday last (the 18th inst.), in a new railway cutting at present being made here. It is alive, but very inactive and semi-torpid. It seems to have no bones, it is so limp, and its legs bend any way. It has two beautiful eyes, but does not seem to see. Its mouth is sealed up; but it seems to breathe very slightly through its nostrils, though how it breathed embedded in clay it is hard to say. If it is 20,000 to 30,000 years since the glacial period when the clay was deposited, this toad goes a long way back into hoary antiquity, and was probably contemporaneous with the progenitors of Menes himself. But the toad lives still.

I should add that the writer is Mr. T. L. Patterson, of Greenock, who will, I trust, forgive me for giving publicity to this much of his letter.

THE FIENDISH MURDER NEAR GATESHEAD.

Mr. Graham, coroner for the Chester-le-Street ward of Durham, opened an inquest yesterday on the body of Jane Beatmoor, who was found stabbed and mutilated on Birtley Fells on Sunday morning, as previously stated. The mutilation of the body is much more extensive and fiendish than it was at first reported. After examining the body and receiving evidence of identification, &c., the inquiry was adjourned until the 9th of October.

No one has been arrested, but the police are searching for an ironworker, whom they suspect. This is a man who had forced his attentions upon her for some time past, and his disappearance simultaneously with the discovery of the murder has naturally attracted attention.

Owing to the similarity of the crime to the last two atrocities in Whitechapel, Dr. Phillips, who made the post-mortem examination of Annie Chapman, has been sent to Durham to see Beatmoor's body.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT OF GREENLAND.

Nature contains an interesting account of the bold attempt which is now being made to cross the continent of Greenland. The Greenlanders are firm believers in the existence of a tall, fierce race dwelling in the centre of the country and along the southern shores of a long fjord which runs from Scoresby Sound to the other coast of the continent. Several travellers have already gone some way inland across the ice, notably Mr. Peary and Herr Maigaard, who in June, 1887, penetrated for a hundred miles, and Nordenskiöld, who reached a distance of seventy-five miles, while his two Lapps actually got half way across. Neither explorer saw any indication of an ice-free district, although its existence somewhere is stoutly maintained by Dr. Nansen and Baron Nordenskiöld. If the expedition goes well, its work must be nearly done by this time, and its members should be back in Europe before the winter.

MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.

Among the members of Parliament and politicians who have expressed their intention of supporting Mr. Gladstone at the annual meetings of the National Liberal Federation in Birmingham are the Marquis of Ripon, Earl Spencer, Lord Brassey, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Childers, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Osborne Morgan, and Mr. Arnold Morley. It was resolved at a meeting of the Demonstration Committee last night to meet Mr. Gladstone on his arrival at Snow-hill station at midday on November 5. A procession will be formed by the members of the "Two Thousand," who will escort the right hon. gentleman through the principal streets to the Town Hall, where an address from the Liberal Association will be presented. After leaving the hall, Mr. Gladstone will be driven to the residence of Sir Walter Foster, M.P., whose guest he will be. On the following day he will address a monster meeting under the auspices of the National Liberal Federation in Bingley Hall.

THE DEANERY OF CHICHESTER.

The Deanery of Chichester has been offered to the Rev. Dr. Pigou, vicar of Halifax. On being asked yesterday whether he had accepted, he replied that the offer was "under consideration." Dr. Pigou is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and having been ordained by the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) to the curacy of Stoke Talmage, Oxon, became first known as a good preacher as chaplain to Bishop Spencer in the old Marbœuf Chapel at Paris. From 1858 to 1860 he was curate of the parish church of Kensington, and in the latter year he was appointed to St. Philip's, Regent-street (now served by Prebendary Harry Jones), where there was no district, and where he was very popular with the ladies of the upper classes. Some surprise was felt at his accepting the vicarage of Doncaster in succession to Dr. Vaughan in 1869, as he was known to prefer London and the South. He did good work there and at Halifax, to which he was preferred in 1875. He is a liberal-minded Evangelical, and has attained some reputation as a conductor of "quiet days," one of which the Bishop of Wakefield was holding at Halifax when the offer of the Chichester deanery came. Mr. Pigou is a Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

TREATING SOLDIERS AT CANTERBURY.

Colonel Russell, commandant of the cavalry depot at Canterbury, writes to the mayor of that city with reference to a recent disturbance among soldiers there, as follows:—

"I am informed that in several public-houses, at any rate, the system prevails of giving to soldiers, on the eve previous to their departure, as much liquor as they like to drink without payment. I could name one public-house in which as much as one or two barrels of beer was thus given away during last Monday evening. This is, I presume, done in acknowledgment of past custom and to secure custom in the future. A large number of the roughest characters in Canterbury and the neighbourhood make a point of collecting when drafts are going to leave the barracks and do their utmost to excite soldiers to misconduct, try to involve them in rows, and interfere with the military authorities when they are trying to maintain order. . . . If the first of these two causes tending to promote disorder among soldiery was removed, and the second was to some extent modified, I consider that disorder would be greatly guarded against in the future."

A BROWNING RECEPTION.

Like other sects of enthusiasts (the *Daily News* remarks) our Browning Society has had to bear the jests and gibes of unsympathetic lookers-on, but after all it has never displayed the thoroughgoing adoration of one of the Browning Clubs in the Western States of America, of which the well-known American writer, Mr. G. W. Curtis, has published a description. For some reason not explained, but which cannot possibly have any connection with the peculiar sin of the Apostle Peter, this club preferred to keep its name and object strictly secret. It was betrayed, however, by its own zeal and devotion; for in an evil hour it resolved to hold a reception at which everything should be brown. A brown tablecloth was covered with brown china. Brown bread and brown sugar held places of honour. The hosts appeared in brown dresses. Brown curtains were hung over the windows. Brown, in brief, was universal, and when one of the guests, looking around the room, at last exclaimed, "Well, I declare, I really believe you are a Browning club!" there was no member in brown hardy enough to deny it. Mr. Curtis tells us that in the United States, as in England, there is a belief that people are attracted to Browning on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*; but while he admits that in the West, where literary culture is sought by many young people with an ardour and earnestness which are remarkable, the very fact of the obscurity of some of Browning's verse is "an allurement," he pleads that the inspiring influence, after all, is the conviction that the mystery, as he expresses it, "is but a cloud enveloping an Alp."

AN OLD SERVANT OF THE QUEEN'S.—There died early yesterday morning, at Dorset-road, Windsor, one of the oldest and most valued of all the Queen's servants, Mrs. Hull, who entered her Majesty's service as nurse when the Prince of Wales was only a few days old, and afterwards had the care of all the Queen's children. She was seventy-eight years of age.

SEVENTEEN RUSSIAN PEASANTS CONDEMNED TO DEATH.—The military tribunal in Kasan has condemned to death seventeen Tschuwaschen peasants for having resisted the authority of the police and killed three of their number in a recent disturbance between two neighbouring villages in the government of Kasan, arising out of a dispute regarding the ownership of some land.

THE SULTAN AND PROFESSOR VAMBÉRY.—Professor Vambéry was on Sunday received by the Sultan of Turkey, who conferred on him the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh Order, in recognition of his literary achievements. The Sultan expressed an opinion that the professor's works had aided in diffusing a correct knowledge of the doctrines of Islam, so imperfectly known abroad.

FATAL HORSEPLAY.—Frederick Lait, aged fifteen, was arrested last night at Sheffield, charged with causing the death of Rebecca Evans, aged fifteen. Several girls and boys were playing together, and Lait, it is alleged, took Evans by the shoulders, pulled her backwards, and, as she was falling, kicked her. The girl staggered to her feet, tottered a few paces, and then fell back dead. Her spine was found to be broken. Lait, on being charged with causing the girl's death, made no reply.

C. BRANDAUER and CO.'s Circular Pointed Pens write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Seven Prize Medals awarded. Assorted sample box 6d., post free for 7 stamps from *C. Brandauer and Co.'s Pen Works, Birmingham.*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF UGANDA.

A ROYAL RECEPTION FOR A LONDON CURATE.

The following letter has been just received from Mr. Walker, dated Uganda, April 25, who went to Uganda last April to be with Mr. Gordon, Bishop Hannington's nephew. Mr. Walker was recently curate at All Souls' Church, Langham-place :—

"Buganda, April 25.—On Tuesday, April 17 (we left Magu on April 9), we arrived at the C. M. S. port for this place. The King's messenger went on to tell of my arrival, and the next morning early I set off for this house. On the way I met the King's messenger, who took me to a native house and asked me to wait till he had fetched my things. The King had given a chief the order to carry up all my goods. The chief sent his son to conduct me. While I waited for the messenger's return this chief's son remained with me to look after me. In course of time I saw my boxes being carried along by men who seemed in a great hurry; many of them were running with heavy loads. If they got tired and met another man he was pressed into the service; the King's order was urgent. I was taken first to the French priest's to rest, as I was very tired indeed. The priests entreated me most kindly, making coffee for me and providing me with food, and when at length I left they set me on their own beast. I rode their donkey for the rest of the way. The port, as you probably remember, is about twelve miles from this house. Gordon met me at the gate and gave me a most kindly welcome. We told the messenger that I should not be ready to see the King for a week. He brought us word that the King knew that I had been unwell and was quite satisfied to wait a week. I find this a most healthful place. In two days I was quite well again, free from every ache and pain, and very hungry. During the days of waiting we put the chair together that I had brought as a present for the King. It was a 'chairman's chair,' high back, stuffed, and covered with crimson leather. The water had rather spoilt the seat, discolouring the leather in places; we also brought a good-sized piece of carpet as a present for the King. The native Christians came to welcome me, and on the Sunday 150 to 200 were present at the morning service, and nearly as many at the service at 2 P.M. It was a most refreshing and gladdening sight; it cheered me much."

AN AVENUE OF RED-PAINTED WARRIORS.

"On Tuesday morning early the King's messenger came for us. And at 7.30 A.M we set off for the Court, dressed in black coats and white trousers. Crowds of people passed us on the road hurrying along towards the King's court-house. When we came within a quarter of a mile of the enclosure we were asked to wait while notice was taken to the King of our so near approach. After waiting half an hour the messenger returned, asking us to follow him. As we drew nearer and came in sight of the gate in the high (20 ft.) reed fence we saw hundreds of people. As we came nearer still men came running to meet us at full speed. They rushed right up to us, only pulling up just before they touched us. They said, 'Come quickly,' and then, turning round, ran back to the entrance gate as fast as they could; then they returned at full speed, and kept on running backwards and forwards until we reached the gate. The road for some three hundred yards from the entrance gate was lined with warriors, armed with spears and shields, dressed in native style, many of them with faces painted red, others with curious arrangements of their hair to give a look of fierceness to them. I suppose there were six or seven hundred of them, as they lined the road on both sides for such a distance. As we entered between their ranks the drums beat, and all of them shouted and kept up a sort of tremulous cry, quivering their spears as they held them above their heads. When we entered the first gate the courtyard inside was full of soldiers, dressed in white, and armed with guns, and many of them carried red and white flags. We marched between their ranks, and they, at a given word, marched quickly past us on both sides, and returned behind the first row, thus making their numbers seem very great. I suppose there were three or four hundred of these men in white."

KING MWANGA AND HIS NEW THRONE.

"At last, after passing through several doors in high reed fences, we came to the court-house itself. A bodyguard was drawn up in front of it. Gordon made me go first. As I stepped over the raised doorstep all in the court stood up—the Arabs, the chiefs, and the King himself. The band played—the band, I fancy, consisted of a big drum, two kettle drums, a bugle, and several native horns. I walked up the centre aisle towards the King, and in my ignorance went up far too near to him. Gordon hurried after me and touched me on the shoulder; I stopped. The King placed his hand on his breast and bowed towards us; we acknowledged the salute in the same way. Then the King and the chiefs sat down, and we, passing behind the first row, walked up to the wall against which the throne was placed, and took our seats on camp-stools some ten feet to the King's right hand. The court was full of people, and all along the walls were ranged soldiers with guns pointed towards the door. The King spoke kindly to us, made several remarks upon my personal appearance, and decreed that I was not such a good-looking man as Gordon. He asked if I had come in the place of the Bishop. Of course Gordon, who did all the talking, and told me what was being said, assured him that I had not come in any sense as the Bishop's representative. He then asked if I was a smith or carpenter. Gordon assured him I was neither, but, like himself, simply a teacher. He seemed pleased and satisfied. I watched his face, as our presents were shown to him, at a distance, and he looked pleased and rather surprised at the size of the piece of carpet. The chair is a very, very much better throne than the thing he has at present, and the carpet will be a great improvement on the red and green table-cloth that now is placed under and before his throne.

"From the description others have given of King Mwanga, you may know that he looks twenty-three or so, has a weak-looking mouth, and rather a silly sort of laugh and smile; he raises his eyebrows very high, and twitches them in surprise, or in giving assent to a statement. He looked a young, frivolous sort of man, very weak and easily led; passionate, and, if provoked, petulant. He looked as if he would be easily frightened, and possessed of very little courage or self-control."

THE ROYAL PALACE.

"The Court lasted some three-quarters of an hour, and then the King rose, and as the band played left the court-house. This house is like all the rest—a circular building, the roof coming down to the ground; but being some 20 ft. or 30 ft. high, inside the walls only have a slight curve. Inside the roof is supported on fine trees for pillars, and the walls are dressed with reeds, almost like bamboo. The floor, except near the throne, where there was the table-cloth, was covered with clean fine grass, carefully dried and laid down neatly. The throne was a white wood chair of native make covered with quilted cloths filled with cotton wool, and over this the Royal leopard's skin. The footstool was a polished elephant's tusk. The King wore a long white robe, very big in the neck and wrists, and over this a crimson cloth robe embroidered with gold thread. As we left the King's enclosure the soldiers in white formed line and marched on each side of us, conducting us much of the way home.

"Such a reception Gordon thinks has never been given to any one before. The Arabs who came to see us to-day say they never saw the King of Buganda stand up to receive a guest on any former occasion. They think we are in great favour now, but we do not hang on prince's favour or put any confidence in man. Certainly the King did all he could to give us a magnificent reception, and showed us great honour in allowing us to approach so near, and in standing up when we entered. Surely we may regard this as in some way a sort of apology for his past ill-treatment of the missionaries and their converts. You will easily recognize the hand of God in all this, and feel with us devoutly thankful that He has so disposed the heart of this King."

A DIET OF ANTS, PLANTAIN, AND GOAT'S FLESH.

"Food is a most important item in one's health and comfort. Gordon tells me that during the seven months he has been here he has had the same kind of dishes twice a day, and has never got tired of them. I have tried it only for a week, and so far it seems most excellent food. It consists of plantains (not sweet ones) gathered green and mashed—in feel and taste much like mashed potatoes—stewed goat's flesh, a sort of green vegetable like spinach with ground nuts minced up in it. These dishes are followed by boiled plantains gathered when ripe, and in taste sweet and acid. The drink is native coffee, which is just as good a drink as any other coffee I have tasted. Gordon has a good cow, given to him by a chief, and this cow gives a sufficient supply of milk. Sometimes we have had white ants as a delicacy. Gordon likes them much, but it takes a little time to get over the creepy feeling that one experiences on first eating ants. It seems a capital retaliation on the ants after they have destroyed boxes and other property. The food here is cheap, and but for the giving of presents to chiefs, &c., the living ought not to be very expensive."

THE RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

The railways in India continue to throw a considerable financial burden on the Government. The administrative report by Lieutenant-Colonel Conway-Gordon, the Director-General of Railways, shows that in 1887-8 there was a net loss to Government on account of railways of 98,27,927 rupees, made up as follows :—Guaranteed companies, 60,93,459 rupees; State lines, 65,45,421 rupees; State lines leased to companies, 40,53,519 rupees. From these sums are to be deducted a profit of 68,64,472 rupees, derived from the East Indian Railway. It should be borne in mind, however, that all the capital sunk on unopened sections is still unproductive, and that a great deal of the capital shown under State railways has been expended on military lines, which were considered politically necessary, apart from their commercial value. The net receipts of the year 1887 show a decrease as compared with those for 1886 of 38,78,758 rupees, and the percentage on the capital expended on open lines, excluding indirect charges, amounts to 5.33, against 5.90 of the previous year. The decrease in the traffic and in the net receipts is principally attributable to the depressed state of the grain trade. During 1887-8 no less than 988 miles of railway were completed and opened for traffic, making on the 31st of March last a total of 14,383 miles open for public traffic in India. On the same date the total sanctioned mileage open and under construction was 16,870 miles. The total capital expenditure up to the end of the year on Indian railways, including lines under construction and survey, amounted to £187,221,000. This compares with, in round figures, £846,000,000 of capital invested in the railways of the United Kingdom.

"A NEW HOTEL IN THE ALPS."

We have received the following letter signed by the four head waiters at Herr Seiler's four hotels at Zermatt :—

"In an article on a new hotel in the Alps contained in your issue of September the 3rd, certain statements are made as emanating from an Ober-Kellner, and reflections thrown upon the waiters generally at the principal hotels of Zermatt. Will you, by your courtesy, permit us to inform your readers that the part of the article referring to us or any one of us is absolutely without foundation?"

NEW ENGLAND AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. G. W. Curtis tells the following story in the new *Harper* :—"Matthew Arnold was in a remote and small village among the New England hills," relates the editor of the *Easy Chair*, "which reminded him, he said, in some way of a solitary hamlet in the Tyrol. 'And what,' he asked, 'do the good people do for amusement?' 'Well,' said his companion, 'they had a lecture on Browning last week.' Arnold lifted up his hands in amazement and laughed, as he replied, 'I am evidently not in the Tyrol.'

FOUND DEAD.

Mr. Frank Merridew, of the British and Foreign Library, Boulogne, writes to us as follows :—The Commissioner of Police at Calais has sent me a photograph of the Englishman found dead, through suicide, in the Harbour there on Sunday, September 3. Nothing was found on the body to lead to identification; so in order to clear the matter up, if possible, I have been asked to get the photo reproduced in an English paper, with a view to finding out who the stranger was, and shall be much obliged if you can publish a sketch from this photograph in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the hope that this publicity may lead to identification.

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THE PALL MALL BUDGET is sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom for 4s. 11d. per quarter.

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

(AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.)

EVERY EVENING, at 7.30.

A New Grand Spectacular Drama, entitled

THE ARMADA:

A Romance of 1588.

By HENRY HAMILTON and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

TO-NIGHT at 9, Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD in DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

(Last 5 nights.)

Preceded at 8 by LESBIA, Classical Comedy in One Act, by Mr. RICHARD DAVEY. Lesbia, Miss Beatrice Cameron.

MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.

MONDAY NEXT, October 1, A PARISIAN ROMANCE. Mr. MANSFIELD as the BARON CHEVRIAL.—Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.)

TO-NIGHT at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.50, by THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.)

BETSY, EVERY EVENING, at 9 with the original cast. Preceded by, at 8.10, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. Stage and Auditorium Lighted entirely by Electricity. N.B.—MATINEE of BETSY on SATURDAY NEXT, at 3. Doors open at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

(Mr. THOMAS THORNE, Sole Lessee and Manager.)

THIS EVENING, at 8.30, JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BROTHERS Mr. Thomas Thorne; Messrs. William Rignold, Fred Thorne, Cyril Maude, J. S. Blythe, Scott Buist, F. Grove, Frank Gillmore, and Mr. H. B. Conway; Mesdames Kate Rorke, Gladys Homfrey, Banister, B. Harrison, K. McNeill, Bowman, Adereron, G. Arnold, and Miss Vane.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. 61st Time. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, E. Lennox, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, J. Netherole, D. Drummond, E. Burton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE LOTTERY TICKET.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.)

(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

The safest and coolest Theatre in London, constructed entirely with corrugated iron, absolutely fireproof, lighted throughout with electricity.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, A. W. PINERO'S New Three Act Domestic Drama, SWEET LAVENDER. 192nd Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, T. C. Valentine, Bernard Gould, F. Kerr, Sant Matthews; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, Eva Wilson. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Seats at the Libraries and Box-office, open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.

GLOBE THEATRE.

(Lessees and Managers, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.)

THIS EVENING, at 8, FROU-FROU. Messrs. W. Farren, Arthur Elwood, Fred Terry, G. Farquhar, F. Dawson, C. Kent; Mesdames Edith Woodworth, Henrietta Lindley, R. Evelyn, Margaret Terry, Minnie Terry, and Marie de Grey.

COURT THEATRE.

(Proprietors, Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.)

Open for the Season under the management of Mrs. John Wood.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, will be performed (by arrangement with Mr. John Hare) an adaptation of LES SURPRISES DU DIVORCE, by SYDNEY GRUNDY, entitled MAMMA, at 8.45, preceded at 8.0 by an original play by CHARLES THOMAS, entitled HERMINE. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open 10 to 5. Telephone 3,031.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEDGER.)

EVERY EVENING, at 7.40, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF.

At 8.30, punctually, DOROTHY. (732nd Performance.)

Mesdames Marie Tempest, Florence Perry, Harriet Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. Le Hay, E. Griffin, and C. Hayden Coffin. Musical Director, M. Ivan Caryll. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

In Concert Hall and Theatre, FRATELLI PRANDI'S MARIONETTES, "RODOPE" and "THE LIVING SKELETON," at 3 and 7.30 P.M. The NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINISTS at 4.30 and 9 P.M.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

GRAND BALLET. FAIRY SCENES of "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," THIS and EVERY EVENING. Marvellous Success. Arranged and produced by Madame Katti Lanner and Mr. Oscar Barrett. Can be witnessed by thousands without extra payment.

SAVOY.—Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE.—THIS EVENING at 8.30, THE MIKADO, Japanese Opera. By W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. At 7.30, MRS. JARRAMIE'S GENIE. Box-office open from 9 A.M. till 11 P.M.

SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.—THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, until further notice, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30.

SAVOY.—LAST WEEKS of THE MIKADO. LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT.

COMEDY THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. T. G. Warren, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. Walter Everard, and Mr. W. Lestocq. Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Caroline Elton, Miss Kate Lee, and Miss Vane Featherston. Preceded by, at 8, THE SPY, by CECIL RALEIGH. Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

UNCLES AND AUNTS, TO-NIGHT, at 9. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 3 o'clock.—COMEDY THEATRE.

FREEMAN THOMAS' PROMENADE CONCERTS, THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. THIS EVENING at 8.0, Admission One Shilling. Grand Orchestra (150 performers). Leader, Mr. Carrodus. Conductor, Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe. Vocalists THIS EVENING:—Mdme. Alwina Valleria, Mdme. Belle Cole, and Mr. Sidney Tower. Mr. Julian Egerton (Clarionet Solo). Prices of admission, 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open 7.30.—NOTE. TO-MORROW (Wednesday) CLASSICAL NIGHT; Mdme. Scalchi, Miss Alice Whitacre, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Mr. Carrodus (Solo Violin). Miss Dora Bright (Solo Pianist).

GAIETY THEATRE.—"SHE." A great success.

Manageress, Miss SOPHIE EYRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—A Great Success.—TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8, a Romantic Play from the celebrated Novel of H. Rider Haggard. Miss Eyre, Misses Fanny Enson, Elliott, Duggan, Wilson, Vyse, Graves, and Miss Mary Rorke; Messrs. Julian Cross, Edmund Gurney, H. Maxwell, James East, Glyn, Wynn, and Mr. Edmund Maurice. Box-office open daily from 10 till 6. Prices from 1s. to £4 4s. Manager, Mr. EUGENE C. STAFFORD.—GAIETY THEATRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—Miss SOPHIE EYRE as SHE.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Lessee, F. J. HARRIS.

This Theatre will REOPEN on THURSDAY NEXT, Sept. 27, with a new Romantic Comic Opera entitled CARINA.

Music by Julia Woolf. Libretto by E. L. Blanchard and Cunningham Bridgman.

The whole produced by CHARLES HARRIS.

For cast see morning papers.

Doors open at 8 o'clock, commence at 8.30.

Seats may now be booked in advance.

Box-office open from 10 to 5.

AVENUE.—Manager, Mr. H. WATKIN.—This Theatre, re-decorated, upholstered, and renovated throughout, and entirely lighted by electricity, will OPEN for the AUTUMN and WINTER SEASON on MONDAY NEXT, October 1st, when will be re-produced PLANQUETTE'S celebrated comic opera, the "OLD GUARD," with new scenery, new costumes, and new effects, supported by Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Alec Marsh, Mr. Joseph Tapley, Mr. M. H. Grahame, Mr. Leon Roche, and Mr. J. J. Dallas. Miss Giulia Warwick, Miss Carrie Coote, Miss Clara Graham, Miss Nellie Woodford, and Miss Annie Halford. Increased orchestra and chorus, conducted by Mr. John Crook. Preceded at 7.15 by a new operetta entitled QUITS, composed by Mr. JOHN CROOK. Doors open 7.15; carriages at 11. Box office open daily from 10.30 till 5 o'clock.

IRISH EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA, KENSINGTON.—The Greatest Success. OPEN 9 A.M. TO 11 P.M.

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THE HORSE SHOW.
THE LEAPING COMPETITIONS.
THE DAIRY SHOW.
THE SHOW OF KERRY COWS, BULLS, AND HEIFERS.
THE OLD IRISH MARKET PLACE.
THE BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES BY FOUR MILITARY BANDS AND PIPERS AND DRUMMERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.
THE FINE ART DEPARTMENT AND LOAN COLLECTION.
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ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS EVERY EVENING.
PERFORMANCES BY HERCAT IN ROYAL IRISH THEATRE.
D'ARC'S CELEBRATED MARIONETTES.
RECITALS ON WEDLAKE'S ORGAN.

The press throughout the length and breadth of the land have unanimously pronounced this the most useful, practical, interesting, and attractive of all the Exhibitions.

ADMISSION EACH DAY ONE SHILLING.

IRISH EXHIBITION.—LEONA DARE.—THIS DAY (Tuesday) and EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY until further notice, the Balloon "OLYMPIA" will be despatched at Four o'clock P.M., with which LEONA DARE will make an ascent of 10,000 feet, suspended on a Trapeze.

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ROMAN COLISEUM.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

ILLUMINATED GARDEN FÊTE EVERY EVENING.
NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINISTS and SORRENTO SINGERS DAILY.

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ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITION, ONE SHILLING. OPEN 10 A.M. TO 11 P.M. DAILY.
VINCENT A. APPLIN, Secretary.

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PRESIDENT.—The Earl of ABERDEEN.

The NEXT STUDENTS' CONCERT will take place on TUESDAY, October 9, at seven o'clock.

The INAUGURAL ADDRESS of the SESSION by the Warden (the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus.D., F.R.S. Edin.), will be delivered on the same date. Subject—"Music of the Victorian Era" (first Queen Victoria Lecture).

MICHAELMAS TERM commences this week.

The ORCHESTRAL CLASS, Professional and Amateur, resumes practice on Saturday September 29, at four o'clock.

Prospectus and all particulars can be obtained from the Secretary.

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BARON HELLENBACH.

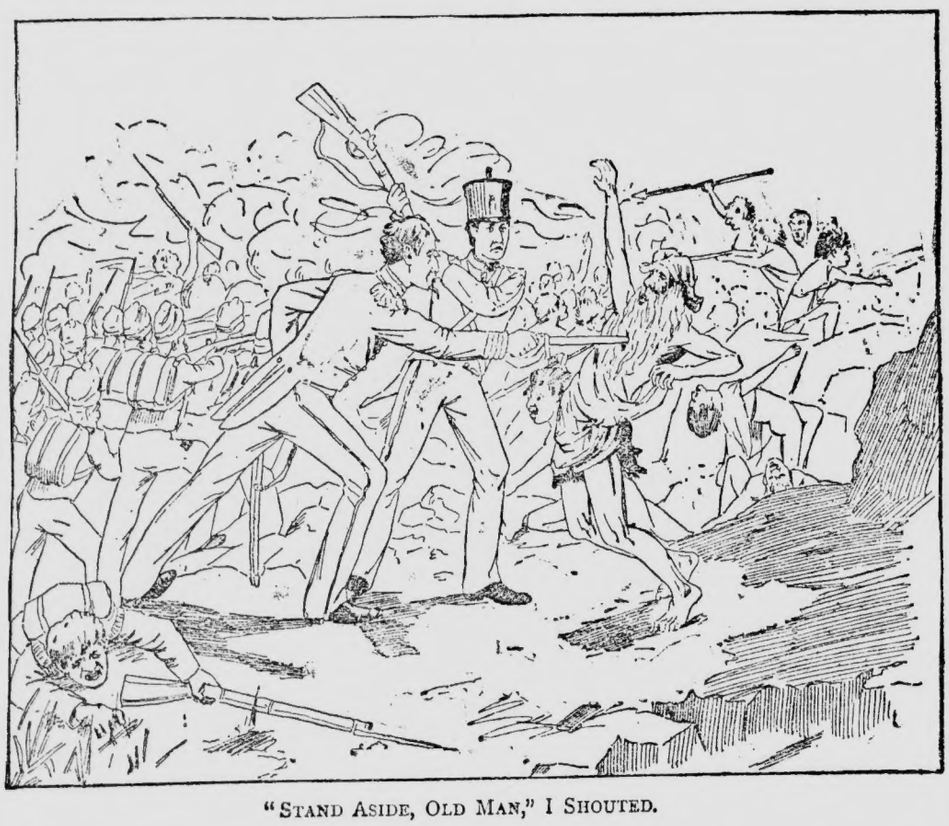
CHAPTER XIV.

THE DAY-BOOK OF JOHN BERTHIER HEATHERSTONE.

Thull Valley, Oct. 1st, 1841.—The Fifth Bengal and the Thirty-third Queen's passed through this morning, on their way to the front. Had tiffin with the Bengalees. Latest news from home that two attempts have been made on the Queen's life by semi-maniacs named Francis and Bean.

It promises to be a hard winter. The snow-line has descended a thousand feet upon the peaks, but the passes will be open for weeks to come, and even if they were blocked, we have established so many depots in the country that Pollock and Nott will have no difficulty in holding their own. They shall not meet with the fate of Elphinstone's army. One such tragedy is enough for a century.

Elliott, of the Artillery, and I, are answerable for the safety of the communications for a distance of twenty miles or more, from the mouth of the valley to this side of the wooden bridge over the Lotar.



"STAND ASIDE, OLD MAN," I SHOUTED.

Goodenough, of the Rifles, is responsible on the other side; and Lieutenant-Colonel Sidney Herbert, of the Engineers, has a general supervision over both sections. Our force is not strong enough for the work which has to be done. I have a company and a half of our own regiment, and a squadron of Sowars, who are of no use at all among the rocks. Elliott has three guns, but several of his men are down with cholera, and I doubt if he has enough to serve more than two. [Note: capsicum for cholera—tried it.] On the other hand, each convoy is usually provided with some guard of its own, though it is often absurdly inefficient. These valleys and ravines which branch out of the main pass are alive with Afreedees and Pathans, who are keen robbers as well as religious fanatics. I wonder they don't swoop down on some of our caravans. They could plunder them and get back to their mountain fastnesses before we could interfere or overtake them. Nothing but fear will restrain them. If I had my way I would hang one at the mouth of every ravine as a warning to the gang. They are personifications of the devil to look at, hawk-nosed, full lipped, with amane of tangled hair, and most Satanic sneer. No news to-day from the front.

October 2.—I must really ask Herbert for another company at the very least. I am convinced that the communications would be cut if any serious attack were made upon us. Now this morning two urgent messages were sent me from two different points more than sixteen miles apart, to say that there were signs of a descent of the tribes. Elliott, with one gun and the Sowars, went to the further ravine, while I, with the infantry, hurried to the other; but we found it was a false alarm. I saw no signs of the hillmen, and though we were greeted by a sputter of jezail bullets we were unable to capture any of the rascals. Woe betide them if they fall into my hands! I would give them as short a shrift as ever a Highland cateran got from a Glasgow judge. These continued alarms may mean nothing, or they may be an indication that the hillmen are assembling and have some plan in view.

We have had no news from the front for some time, but to-day a convoy of wounded came through with the intelligence that Nott had taken Ghuznee. I hope he warmed up any of the black rascals that fell into his hands. No word of Pollock. An elephant battery came up from the Punjaub, looking in very good condition. There were several convalescents with it going up to rejoin their regiments. Knew none of them except Mostyn of the Hussars and young Blakesley, who was my fag at Charterhouse, and whom I have never seen since. Punch and cigars *al fresco* up to eleven o'clock. Letters to-day from Wills and Co. about their little bill, forwarded on from Delhi. Thought a campaign freed a man from these annoyances. Wills says in his note that since his written applications have been in vain, he must call upon me in person. If he calls upon me now he will assuredly be the boldest and most persevering of tailors. A line from Calcutta Daisy and another from Hobhouse to say that Matilda comes in for all the money under the will. I am glad of it.

October 3.—Glorious news from the front to-day. Barclay of the Madras Cavalry galloped through with despatches. Pollock entered Cabul triumphantly on the 16th of last month, and, better still, Lady Sale has been rescued by Shakespear, and brought safe into the British camp, together with the other hostages. "Te Deum laudamus!" This should end the whole wretched business—this and the sack of the city. I hope Pollock won't be squeamish or truckle to the hysterical party at home. The town should be laid in ashes, and the fields sown with salt. Above all, the Residency and the Palace must come down. So shall Burnes, McNaghten, and many another gallant fellow know that his countrymen could avenge if they could not save him!

It is hard when others are gaining glory and experience to be stuck in this miserable valley. I have been out of it completely, bar a few petty skirmishes. However, we may see some service yet. A jemindar of ours brought in a hillman to-day, who says that the tribes are massing in the Tarada Ravine, ten miles to the north of us, and intend attacking the next convoy. We can't rely on information of this sort, but there may prove to be some truth in it. Proposed to shoot our informant, so as to prevent his playing the double traitor and reporting our proceedings. Elliott demurred. If you are making war you should throw no chance away. I hate half-and-half measures. The Children of Israel seem to have been the only people who ever carried war to its logical conclusion—except Cromwell in Ireland. Made a compromise at last by which the man is to be detained as a prisoner and executed if his information prove to be false. I only hope we get a fair chance of showing what we can do. No doubt those fellows at the front will have C.B.'s and knighthoods showering upon them thick and fast, while we poor devils, who have had most of the responsibility and anxiety, will be passed over completely. Elliott has a whitlow. The last convoy left us a large packet of sauces, but as they forgot to leave anything to eat with them we have handed them over to the Sowars, who drink them out of their pannikins as if they were liqueurs. We hear that another large convoy may be expected from the plains in the course of a day or two. Took nine to four on Cleopatra for the Calcutta Cup.

October 4.—The hillmen really mean business this time, I think. We have had two of our spies come in this morning with the same account about the gathering in the Tarada quarter. That old rascal Zemaun is at the head of it, and I have recommended the Government to present him with a telescope in return for his neutrality! There will be no Zemaun to present it to if I can but lay hands upon him. We expect the convoy to-morrow morning and need anticipate no attack until it comes up, for these fellows fight for plunder, not for glory, though, to do them justice, they have plenty of pluck when they get started. I have devised an excellent plan, and it has Elliott's hearty support. By Jove, if we can only manage it, it will be as pretty a ruse as ever I heard of! Our intention is to give out that we are going down the valley to meet the convoy and to block the mouth of a pass from which we profess to expect an attack. Very good. We shall make a night march to-night and reach their camp. Once there I shall conceal my two hundred men in the waggons and travel up with the convoy again. Our friends the enemy having heard that we intended to go south, and seeing the caravan going north without us, will naturally swoop down upon it under the impression that we are twenty miles away. We shall teach them such a lesson that they would as soon think of stopping a thunderbolt as of interfering again with one of her Britannic Majesty's provision trains. I am all on thorns to be off.

Elliott has rigged up two of his guns so ingeniously that they look more like costermongers' barrows than anything else. To see artillery all ready for action in the convoy might arouse suspicion. The artillerymen will be in the waggons next the guns, all ready to unlimber and open fire. Infantry in front and rear. Have told our confidential and discreet sepoy servants the plan which we do *not* intend to adopt. N.B.—If you wish a thing to be noised over a whole province always whisper it under a vow of secrecy to your confidential native servant.

8.45 P.M.—*Just* starting for the convoy. May luck go with us!

October 5.—Seven o'clock in the evening. Io triumphe! Crown us with laurel—Elliott and myself! Who can compare with us as vermin killers? I have only just got back, tired and weary, stained with blood and dust, but I have sat down before either washing or changing to have the satisfaction of seeing our deeds set forth in black and white—if only in my private log for no eye but my own. I shall describe it all fully as a preparation for our official account, which must be drawn up when Elliott gets back. Billy Dawson used to say that there were three degrees of comparison—a prevarication, a lie, and an official account. We at least cannot exaggerate our success, for it would be impossible to add anything to it.

We set out then as per programme, and came upon the camp near the head of the valley. They had two weak companies of the 54th with them, who might no doubt have held their own with warning, but an unexpected rush of wild hillmen is a very difficult thing to stand against. With our reinforcement, however, and on our guard we might defy the rascals. Chamberlain was in command—a fine young fellow. We soon made him understand the situation, and were all ready for a start by daybreak, though his waggons were so full that we were compelled to leave several tons of fodder behind in order to make room for my sepoys and for the artillery. About five o'clock we inspanned, to use an Africanism, and by six we were well on our way with our escort as straggling and unconcerned as possible—as helpless looking a caravan as ever invited attack.

I could soon see that it was to be no false alarm this time, and that the tribes really meant business. From my post of observation under the canvas screen of one of the waggons I could make out turbaned heads popping up to have a look at us from among the rocks, and an occasional scout hurrying northward with the news of our approach. It was not, however, until we came abreast of the Tarada Pass, a gloomy defile bounded by gigantic cliffs, that the Afreedees began to show in force, though they had ambushed themselves so cleverly that had we not been keenly on the look-out for them, we might have walked right into the trap. As it was, the convoy halted, upon which the hillmen, seeing that they were observed, opened a heavy but ill-directed fire upon us. I had asked Chamberlain to throw out his men in skirmishing order, and to give them directions to retreat slowly upon the waggons so as to draw the Afreedees on. The ruse succeeded to perfection. As the redcoats steadily retired, keeping behind cover as much as possible, the enemy followed them up with yells of exultation, springing from rock to rock, waving their jezails in the air, and howling like a pack of demons. With their black, contorted, mocking faces, their fierce gestures, and their fluttering garments, they would have made a study for any painter who wished to portray Milton's conception of the army of the damned. From every side they pressed in, until seeing, as they thought, nothing between them and victory, they left the shelter of the rocks and came rushing down, a furious howling throng, with the green banner of the prophet in their van. Now was our chance, and gloriously we utilized it. From every cranny and slit of the waggons came a blaze of fire, every shot of which told among the close-packed mob. Two or three score rolled over like rabbits, and the rest reeled for a moment, and then, with their chiefs at their head, came on again in a magnificent rush. It was useless, however, for undisciplined men to attempt to face such a well-directed fire. The leaders were bowled over, and the others, after hesitating for a few moments, turned and made for the rocks. It was our turn now to assume the offensive. The guns were unlimbered, and grape poured into them while our little infantry force advanced at the double, shooting and stabbing all whom they overtook. Never have I known the tide of battle turn so rapidly and so decisively. The sullen retreat became a flight, and the flight a panic-stricken rout, until there was nothing left of the tribesmen except a scattered demoralized rabble flying wildly to their native fastnesses for shelter and protection.

I was by no means inclined to let them off cheaply now that I had them in my power. On the contrary I determined to teach them such a lesson that the sight of a single scarlet uniform would in future be a passport in itself. We followed hard upon the tract of the fugitives and entered the Tarada defile at their very heels. Having detached Chamberlain and Elliott with a company on either side to protect my wings, I pushed on with my sepoys and a handful of artillerymen, giving them no time to rally or to recover themselves. We were so handicapped, however, by our stiff European uniforms and by our want of practice in climbing that we should have been unable to overtake any of the mountaineers had it not been for a fortunate accident. There is a smaller ravine which opens into the main pass, and in their hurry and confusion some of the fugitives rushed down this. I saw sixty or seventy of them turn down, but I should have passed them by and continued in pursuit of the main body had not one of my scouts come rushing up to inform me that the smaller ravine was a cul-de-sac, and that the Afreedees who had gone up it had no possible means of getting out again except by cutting their way through our ranks. Here was an opportunity of striking terror into the tribes. Leaving Chamberlain and Elliott to continue the pursuit of the main body, I wheeled my sepoys into the narrow pass and proceeded slowly down it in extended order, covering the whole ground from cliff to cliff. Not a jackal could have passed us unseen. The rebels were caught like rats in a trap.

The defile in which we found ourselves was the most gloomy and majestic that I have ever seen. On either side naked precipices rose sheer up for a thousand feet or more, converging upon each other so as to leave a very narrow slit of daylight above us, which was further reduced by the feathery fringe of palm trees and aloes which hung over each lip of the chasm. The cliffs were not more than a couple of hundred yards apart at the entrance, but as we advanced they grew nearer and nearer, until a half company in close order could hardly march abreast. A sort of twilight reigned in this strange valley, and the dim, uncertain light made the great basalt rocks loom up vague and fantastic. There was no path, and the ground was most uneven, but I pushed on briskly, cautioning my fellows to have their fingers on their triggers, for I could see that we were nearing the point where the two cliffs would form an acute angle with each other.

At last we came in sight of the place. A great pile of boulders were heaped up at the very end of the pass, and among these our fugitives were skulking, entirely demoralized, apparently, and incapable of resistance. They were useless as prisoners, and it was out of the question to let them go, so there was no choice but to polish them off. Waving my sword, I was leading my men on, when we had a most dramatic interruption, of a sort which I have seen once or twice on the boards of Drury Lane, but never in real life.

In the side of the cliff close to the pile of stones where the hillmen were making their last stand there was a cave which looked more like the lair of some wild beast than a human habitation. Out of this dark archway there suddenly emerged an old man—such a very, very old man that all the other veterans whom I have seen were as chickens compared to him. His hair and his beard were both as white as snow, and each reached more than half way to his waist. His face was wrinkled and brown and bony, a cross between a monkey and a mummy; and so thin and emaciated were his shrivelled limbs that you would hardly have given him credit for having any vitality left, were it not for his eyes, which glittered and sparkled with excitement, like two diamonds in a setting of mahogany. This apparition came rushing out of the cave, and throwing himself between the fugitives and our fellows motioned us back with as imperious a sweep of the hand as ever an Emperor used to his slaves.

"Men of blood," he cried, in a voice of thunder, speaking excellent English, too—"this is a place for prayer and meditation, not for murder. Desist, lest the wrath of the gods fall upon you

"Stand aside, old man!" I shouted. "You will meet with a hurt if you don't get out of the way." I could see that the hillmen were taking heart, and that some of my sepoys were flinching, as if they did not relish this new enemy. Clearly, I must act promptly if I wished to complete our success. I dashed forward at the head of the white artillerymen who had stuck to me. The old fellow rushed at us with his arms out as if to stop us; but it was no time to stick at trifles, so I passed my sword through his body at the same moment that one of the gunners brought his carbine down upon his head. He dropped instantly, and the hillmen, at the sight of his fall, set up the most unearthly howl of horror and consternation. The sepoys who had been inclined to hang back came on again the moment he was disposed of, and it did not take us long to consummate our victory. Hardly a man of the enemy got out of the defile alive. What could Hannibal or Cæsar have done more? Our own loss in the whole affair has been insignificant—three killed and about fifteen wounded. Got their banner, a green wisp of a thing with a sentence of the Koran engraved upon it.

(*To be continued.*)

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There is a Resident English Chaplain and a Physician, M.D., London, M.R.C.S., near the Hotel. Reduced tariff. For terms and further particulars, address the Manager, Sanatorium Puerto Orotava, Teneriffe, or the Company's agents, Messrs. Sinclair, Hamilton, and Co., 17, St. Helen's-place, London, E.C

BOURNEMOUTH.—THE HIGHCLIFFE HOTEL, of world-wide reputation for comfort. Full south. Magnificent Sea Views. Table d'hote. JOHN KILNER, Proprietor.

TROSSACHS and SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.—DUNBLANE HYDROPATHIC.—Through Trains from Euston in 9¼ hours—10.30 A.M. to 8.7 P.M. Starting point for the Lakes. Unrivalled centre for all the favourite excursions. Most convenient resting place *en route.* Extensive grounds. Four tennis courts, &c.

ART GALLERY.

THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT-STREET, ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY.—The FIRST EXHIBITION of this Society will OPEN on the 1st October next.

WALTER CRANE, Resident.
ERNEST RADFORD, Secretary.

EXCURSIONS to SCOTLAND.—EDINBURGH (Leith), passage 28 hours.—The LONDON and EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY'S first-class steamships *METEOR* (new steamer), *IONA*, and *MAKMION* (lighted by electricity), from HERMITAGE STEAM WHARF, Wapping, EVERY TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, as follows:—Sept. 26th, 3 P.M.; 29th, 5 P.M.; returning from Edinburgh (Leith) every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Fares (including steward's fees): Saloon, 22s.; fore cabin, 16s.: staterooms of four berths, for families, 32s. each berth; deck (soldiers and sailors only), 10s.; return tickets, available for twelve months, saloon, 34s.; fore cabin, 24s. 6d.—Apply to G. W. WHEATLEY and Co., 23, Regent-street; Booking Office, 102, Queen Victoria-street; LAVINGTON'S, 69, Old Bailey; or at the Wharf, to J. C. GREGORY.

N.B.—This route offers unrivalled facilities for visiting the GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. EXPRESS TRAINS run every hour between EDINBURGH and GLASGOW.

Cheap Circular Tours round the Land's End and by Bristol Channel, in connection with the Clyde Shipping Company and Messrs. Sloan and Co.'s Steamers.

LONDON and SCOTLAND.—The CARRON LINE of first class Passenger Steamers sail from CARRON and LONDON and CONTINENTAL STEAM WHARVES, 67-73, Lower East Smithfield, EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY for GRANGEMOUTH. Returning from Grangemouth Every Tuesday and Saturday. Average passage 30 hours. Trains run alongside the steamers at Grangemouth.

The best and cheapest route to the Glasgow Exhibition. First Cabin and 3rd class rail, return, including admission, 37s. Through bookings to Oban and the Highlands, and circular tours round Land's End, &c.

For particulars as to fares, berths, and all other information, apply to John Smither and Son (Limited), 65, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.; Newcomb and Son, 6, Water-lane, E.C; and Carron Company's Wharves, Lower East Smithfield, E.

MARGATE and RAMSGATE, from LONDON BRIDGE WHARF, DAILY (Sundays excepted), at 11 A.M., calling at Blackwall and Tilbury Piers. Single fare, 5s. and 4s.; children under twelve, 2s. 6d. Sundays Margate Excursion, at 9 A.M. Fare, 3s.; children 2s. 6d. The new magnificent saloon steamers *ORIOLE* and *MAVIS* are now running on this station. SPECIAL NOTICE.—The SERVICE will CEASE with the departure from London on the 29th inst., and from Ramsgate and Margate on the 1st October.

MARGATE and RAMSGATE.—SPECIAL EXCURSION.—The magnificent new saloon steamer *ORIOLE* will make a SPECIAL EXCURSION from LONDON BRIDGE WHARF, on SATURDAY NEXT, at 11 A.M. (calling at Blackwall and Tilbury Piers), returning from Ramsgate at 11 A.M. and Margate at noon, on Monday, 1st October. Reduced fare there and back, 6s. 6d.; single fare, 5s. 6d. first class, 4s. 6d. second class.

NILE SEASON, 1888-89.—COOK'S NEW FIRST-CLASS TOURIST STEAMERS (the only First-class Passenger Steamers on the Nile) will leave CAIRO for the FIRST CATARACT, November 20, December 4 and 18; after which every Tuesday until March 12. These steamers were built in 1886, and have been specially fitted this season with every convenience and comfort for First-class Passengers only. Fares: Cairo to the First Cataract and back, £50

Special Steamer, allowing Four Weeks to the First Cataract and back, with limited number of passengers, leaving Cairo January 9 and February 13. Fare £65.

COOK'S CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE BETWEEN ASSIOUT AND ASSOUAN. Every Wednesday and Saturday, commencing Dec. 5th. Fares: Cairo to First Cataract and back, including railway fare between Cairo and Assiout, and four days' hotel at Luxor, £25.

SUPERIOR STEAM DAHABEAH for private families. First Class Dahabeans for families or private parties of any number, from 2 to 10.

LUXOR HOTEL now open. English Medical Gentleman resides in the Hotel during Season.

For full particulars, see programme with maps and plans, 6d.; or apply to any of the Branch Offices, or Chief Office, Ludgate-circus.

THOS. COOK & SON.

P.S.—Mr. JOHN M. COOK (Managing Partner) in Egypt all Winter, superintending Nile services.

WEST KENSINGTON.—To be SOLD or LET for occupation, a SEMI-DETACHED VILLA, quite new, Queen Anne style, of pretty elevation, balconies on first floor, and choice of decorations. It contains three reception rooms, kitchen, pantry, good cellars, and servants' offices; nine bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lavatory, housemaid's closet (all with hot and cold supply), other modern conveniences, and certified drainage. Price £1,250.—Apply to W. H. GIBBS and Co., 5, West Kensington-terrace (nearly opposite West Kensington Station), W.

REAL CHANCE to SECURE a BARGAIN. To be SOLD—ready for immediate occupation.—Nos. 1 and 4, MARLBOROUGH VILLAS, HARROW (close to London and North Western Railway Station). Semi-detached, 36ft. and 33 ft. frontages. Beautifully decorated and please all who see them; 5 excellent bedrooms, bath-room (hot and cold); elegant drawing-room opening into verandah, dining and morning rooms, large kitchen with kitchener, scullery, &c. Nice gardens: lease 81 years, ground rent £9. Prices only £400 and £375, about two-thirds of cost of erection. Large and lofty rooms. No underground rooms. Rental value £50.—Apply to caretaker at No. 1, or Mr. E., 401, Brighton-road, Croydon.

CHARMING SEMI-DETACHED VILLA. Rent £45. Newly decorated; three reception, five bedrooms, bathroom (hot and cold), Conservatory; no basement.—Apply Manager, Stukeley-park Estate Office, 17A, Hilton-terrace, Fulham-road, S.W.

Printed and Published by RICHARD LAMBERT, at the Office, 2, Northumberland-street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—TUESDAY, September 25, 1888.